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OCTOBER 1941
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New Filmotion Viewer and Splicer
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Permits the editor to see his pictures in motion on a miniature screen, rather than as a series of stills. It brings the professional touch to 8 mm. and 16 mm. film editing. The exact frame that marks the beginning or end of a scene is quickly spotted. Then press a lever—and click! A neat slit is cut in the film edge opposite that frame. The film is cut there and spliced with Model 136 B&H Splicer, shown here on the rounded base of the viewer. The viewer may be purchased with or without the splicer. Viewer only. Viewer with splicer. *Rs. 342-2*

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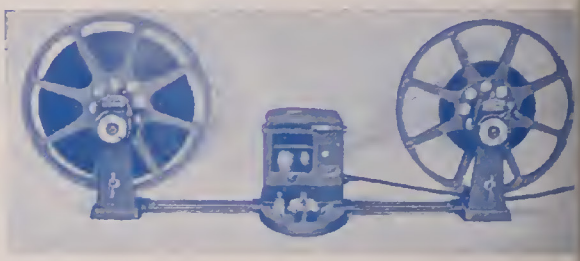
(for Filmo Auto Load, Filmo Auto Master, and Filmo 141 Cameras)

When slipped into these cameras in place of the film magazine, this Direct Focuser permits the operator to look through any lens for precise focusing and accurate framing of any subject.

The image is upright and is *magnified ten times.* Eliminates all parallax errors. Price. *Rs. 100-10*



B&H Filmotion Editor (Viewer, Rewind, and 136 Splice

Available for both 8 mm. and 16 mm. film. Makes it easy to c a really professional job of editing. 16 mm. heavy-duty si (shown here) takes reels up to 2000 feet; operates at two spee —low (1-to-1 ratio) for editing, and high (4-to-1 ratio) for fa rewind. May also be set in "free wheeling" for free rotation spindle. Reel turns same direction as crank.

Filmotion 16 mm. Editor, complete with Viewer, Splic Heavy-duty Rewinds, and extension rods..... Rs. 42

Complete 8 mm. Filmotion Editor..... Rs. 41

Heavy-duty Rewind only—including extension rods for taching to Filmotion 16 mm. Viewer or to B&H 136 or 1 Splicer, pair..... Rs. 14

Other complete 8 mm. and 16 mm. editors, from Rs. 18

" 16 mm " Rs. 24

B&H 8 mm. Titler

This precision-built Titler and a Filmo 8 Camera assure excellent results. Titler is pre-aligned for perfect focusing. Out-of-focus and off-center titles are impossible—and the lamps included furnish correct illumination. Enlarges small subjects to great size. Highly corrected copying lens is included and mounted at top of pedestal.

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B&H 16 mm. Titler

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BOMBAY

filmindia

Editor: BABURAO PATEL

VOL. 7 NO. 10
OCTOBER, 1941

A NATION'S ENVOY

PRODUCER JAMSHED WADIA has gone out and done it. For years several Indian producers have been talking tall about producing the first Indian picture in English.

We had heard of familiar plans of bringing over some of the Hollywood stars and technicians, of engaging special script writers and dialogue coaches, of taking up stories with universal appeal, of millions being ready to be released for a stupendous expenditure. And yet out of this huge mountain in an imaginative labour not even a rat turned up.

Producer Jamshed Wadia went about quietly and with his proverbial modesty did it. And in doing so has given India its first picture in English—"The Court Dancer".

We welcome "The Court Dancer"—India's first picture in English.

"The Court Dancer" is not merely another picture. It is an event in the Indian motion picture industry. It is the beginning of our cultural contact with the Western world. For, "The Court Dancer" will be going to strange lands carrying with it the evidence of India's ancient glory and the proofs of its present progress.

This cultural aspect of the film has immense propaganda value for India in countries like America and England where the self-complacent white man, blinded by the intoxication of his own freedom, arrogates to himself a superiority of intellect and denies even a living space to the coloured man. And yet in this God's own world, designed to be blessed with peace and love, the white man today is solely responsible for creating an inferno of human carnage goaded by his greed and lust of power.

To the white man civilization has become an excuse and democracy has become a slogan. In his temple, below the two sham domes of "civilization" and "democracy" is erected a deified guillotine with which human liberty, individual freedom and equality amongst human races are every day slaughtered with an easy conscience and the temple priests, parading themselves as heralds of democracy, use up all their intelligence while haranguing to justify the white man's deeds of blood and arson.

They call it "war" and thus lend a respectability to their unending campaign of murder. But murder it is, all the same whether the apology is Fascism, Nazism, Socialism or Democracy.

To the land of such men will go India's first picture in English talking to them, for the first time, in the language they understand and giving to them the first real glimpse of this great and ancient land.

In a little over an hour, the white man of across the seas will be surprised out of his skin not with the technical excellence of "The Court Dancer" but with the thought that India, which has been to him a land of primitive, uncivilized people—as painted by imperialistic propaganda pamphlets—can produce such a picture and in a language of the rulers of the world.

That would be a disturbing thought to the white man who has so far taught the coloured people only those words from his language which demand obedience and a few menial services.

"The Court Dancer" has in it a message of love written in the deeds of sacrifice. To the white man this will be a strange anomaly in the code of human existence. He is so much used to the slaughter and sacrifice of others for the aggrandizement of his self that the philosophy underlying "The Court Dancer" will strike him as peculiarly frustrative.

And yet this very philosophy of love and sacrifice has kept this ancient land alive through ages and ages and through calamities and upheavals. India is still a virgin land where an high explosive bomb has not fallen and a crater has not been carved in the bosom of Mother Earth.

As a forerunner of our claim for freedom from the foreign shackles of bondage "The Court Dancer" is going to be a good ambassador. It is going to present our credentials to the white men of the West and convince them by a series of pictorial proofs that India is not so uncivilized as the white man hypnotizes himself into believing.

To us therefore, "The Court Dancer" is more than a mere picture, more than a mere event in our film industry, more than a praiseworthy enterprise.

It is a nation's envoy on its journey through the world proving to the world that India deserves a square deal in the new world of freedom, liberty and equality which the white man says he is fighting for.

While we wish these fighters every success, we wish ourselves greater success.

DO NOT MISS

India's first picture in English—"The COURT DANCER"—produced by Wadia Movietone.

It is an event in the Indian motion picture industry and every reader of "filmindia" must share the triumph.

Baburao Patel.

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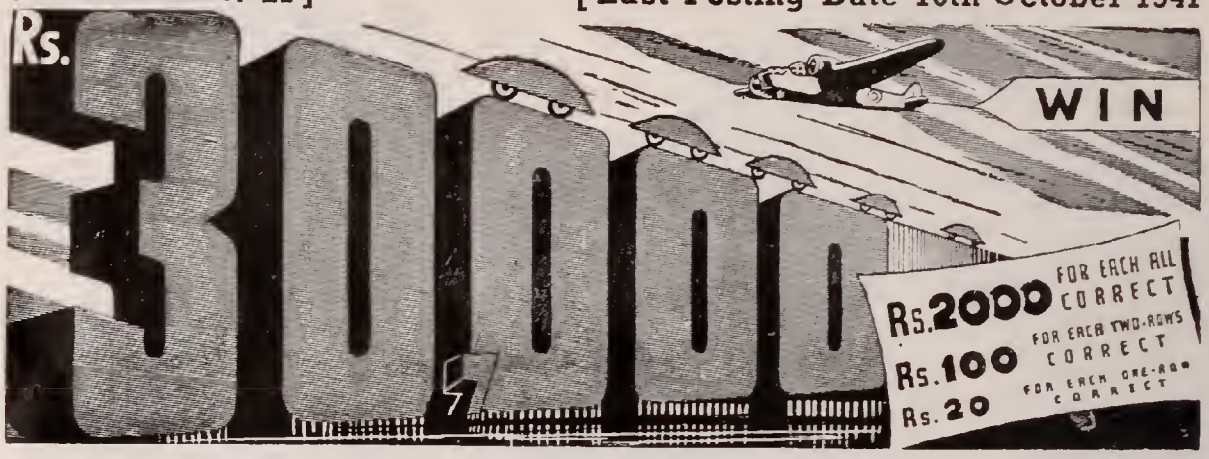
CONTEST No. 27] **[Last Posting Date 10th October 1941**



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PRIZES OF Rs. 100/- each for any two-rows correct.
PRIZES OF Rs. 20/- each for any one-row correct.
PRIZES OF Rs. 5/- each for first two figures correct.
PRIZES OF Re. 1/- each for first figure correct.

Arrange the numbers, from 12 to 27 in the given square in such a way that each column row and each of the two diagonals total 78. Each number should be used once only.

LAST POSTING DATE 10th OCTOBER 1941.

All entries posted on or before the last posting date must be received up to the 15th October 1941. Any entry received later will not be considered. The sealed solution will be opened in presence of the Manager and the Editor "BLITZ WEEKLY" Bombay, and will be published in the issue of Blitz Weekly Magazine, Bombay on 18th October 1941. RESULT will be sent to competitors on 28th October 1941. (Non receipt of the result should be communicated to us within a week's time). The list of prize winners is available to any one who sends a self addressed stamped envelope.

ENTRANCE FEE:—Re. one for a single entry or Rs. two for three entries or Rs. Five for every set of eight entries.

RULES AND CONDITIONS:—Any number of entries on plain paper along with the requisite fee at the rate mentioned above are accepted. Fees should be sent by Money order or Indian Postal Order. M.O. receipt should be enclosed. The sum to be distributed in all correct prizes will be more or less than Rs. 30000/- according to the number of all correct prize winners received in this contest. The rows and figures are only said to be correct when they are similar to the respective rows and figures of our sealed solution. Number your filled entries serially and state the number of entries enclosed. **Write your name, address and entry figures clearly in English only.** Send a self addressed stamped envelope for result with entries. The decision of the Manager in all matters regarding this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding and is an express condition of entry.

Sealed Solution to Contest No. 25.

1st Row	24	23	12	11
2nd Row	15	13	22	20
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4th Row	21	18	17	14

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This Competition Has Been Licensed By The Collector of Bombay.

Bombay Calling

This section is the monopoly of "JUDAS" and he writes what he likes and about things which he likes. The views expressed here are not necessarily ours, but still they carry weight because they are written by a man who knows his job.

FAREWELL TO MR. KANGA

Mr. E. P. Kanga, the hero of the Iraq film front, was given a farewell dinner the other day when leading Indian film producers and distributors wished him all success in his new assignment in the East and South Africas on behalf of the India Overseas Ltd.

It seems, from what Mr. P. C. Kapadia, who presided at the function, said that the Indian film exhibition business has not been so far well organized in the different Africas and from a vast field the Indian producers were getting poor returns because of monopolization and other trade tricks.

In sending out Mr. Kanga to the Africas, Mr. Kapadia hoped to centralise all the distribution activities thereby breaking through monopolization and unhealthy competition, at present prevalent. Well, Mr. Kanga is again on a crusade, a job that suits the old fighter so well.

Replying suitably to the farewell toast of friends and critics, Mr. Kanga did not forget his newspaper friends who had helped him in the Iraq film agitation and while thanking them he hoped that our journalists would give him their hand once again if circumstances demanded their help. Which all means that Mr. Kanga's mission is not as easy as it looks.

However, we wish him all luck and promise him all help if the African authorities decide to be as funny as the Iraqi Arabs where Indian films are concerned.

FILM ADVISORY BOARD

Our Simla correspondent informs us that the Government of India have decided to relieve Mr. Alexander Shaw from the 20th of October 1941 and that Mr. Shaw will be returning to England to take up other work.

It is further reported that the Government are anxious to appoint an Indian, in place of Mr. Shaw, as the producer for the Film Advisory Board. Mr. P. J. Griffiths, Controller of Film Publicity, the gentleman on whom has fallen the responsibility of this appointment is reported to be already on the look-out for a suitable successor for Mr. Shaw and it seems that the members of the Film Advisory Board are also asked to make a recommendation.

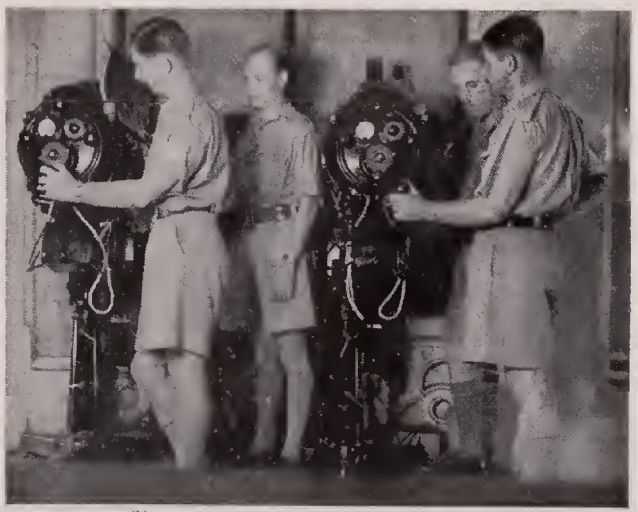
We would have very much liked the Government filling this post by competitive selection rather than by nomination. But if nomination has to be resorted to owing to war emergency, we should suggest some suitable names like Mr. Niranjan Pal, Capt. Naval Ghandhy, Mr. K. S. Hirlekar, Mr. Ezra Mir and Dr. P. V. Pathy.

Unless Mr. Griffiths considers all these gentlemen on their merits, it will be difficult for us to reconcile ourselves with any strange appointment. In any case, a non-Indian should be out of the question.

There seems to be still another appointment in the offing. It is thought necessary to appoint a new resident Deputy Controller of Film Publicity in Bombay to control and co-ordinate the activities of the Film Advisory Board. This is a good idea, provided the man selected for the post is the right man and not an old rusty "screw" of the Steel Frame.

As this is a key post of control, we should suggest that Government should take an Indian with outstanding qualities, one who knows what is correct propaganda in the present times.

But for heaven's sake, don't let us have one more white-skinned standard bearer from the Anglo-Indian press.



Several soldiers are being given an emergency training as projectionists in the Abdulla Fazalbhoy Institute. Here are some with the R.C.A. Equipment getting a hang of things.

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BHOPATKAR THEATRES

NEELAM MANSIONS—LAMINGTON ROAD—**BOMBAY—4**

Miss K. Thavamani Devi and M. K. Radha in "Vana Mohini", a Tamil picture.

DANGEROUS FREE LANCING

Once again there seems to be a boom in film production, strangely enough at a time when the prices of raw materials have gone up considerably and even a shortage of raw film supply is feared. As in 1935 scores of free lance producers are working in hired studios in Bombay, Calcutta and Madras and shouting themselves hoarse in their efforts to compete with well established studios.

While no one should complain about expansion in an industry we must warn these free-lance producers that the film industry is not a safe bet for a gamble. Success in free lancing is a matter of luck and these single-picture producers more often fail than succeed.

But when the inevitable failure does the final pruning, we find the free-lancers disappearing leaving behind them a crowd of creditors particularly among artistes and newspapers.

And only those people have the right to enterprise who have apprenticed themselves in the industry for some time and feel confident about giving their talents an independent chance.

For those who have collected money in sticking street posters or have had an overflow in the share market, free-lance film production will definitely prove to be an item of loss.

A STALEMATE IN EXHIBITION

Somehow it does not seem to have struck our film financiers of the city that Bombay needs at least three more first run cinemas if a part of the huge human and inhuman drama framed in celluloid and packed in tins is to be released.

When an average Indian picture comes on the screen, deservingly or undeservingly it blocks up a cinema at least for six weeks. The last four weeks are often secured by the producer by paying a hire to the cinema owner instead of receiving a share of the takings from him.

Then there are several cinemas in the city which are either owned or controlled exclusively by the producers. These cinemas keep on running old and worn out pictures till the new pictures of the producers are ready for release.

All this, ofcourse, holds up the releases of several other pictures which would do better business if released in time.

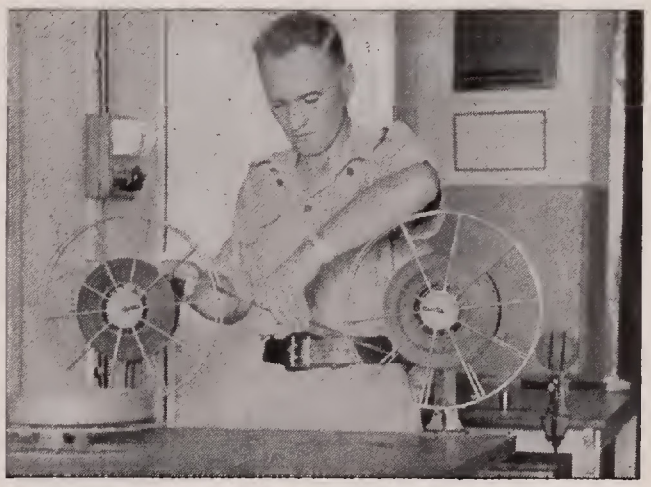
Just at present "Khazanchi" monopolises the Krishna, "Anjan", the Roxy, "Kanchan" the Imperial, "Sister" the Pathe, "Sant Sakhu" the Central, "Alexander the Great" the Minerva and "Shadi" the Royal Opera. That leaves only two theatres—the Lamington and the Majestic—for quick turn-over.

There are at least fifteen pictures quite ready to be released, lying with the different producers. The stories of these pictures are fast becoming old problems while their film technique has already become stale.

It is neither fair to the trade nor to the people who make these pictures, that they should lie in the tins so long.

Some way, out of this stalemate must be found. And if the city financiers are not in a mood to give us a few more first-run theatres the weekly minimum hold-over of the cinemas, at present between Rs. 2000|- and Rs. 3000|-, should be raised up for big productions to Rs. 5000|- a week and a maximum run of 15 weeks may be fixed for the first run, no matter, how well the picture draws.

If a picture has still the probability of drawing crowds remaining in it at the end of the fifteenth week, that possibility may well be exploited in a second run at a later date. This procedure will also stabilize the position of the number of second-run theatres in the city. At present the first run theatres crush out all the juice from a picture and then pass it on to the



A soldier at the rewinding spools at the Abdulla Fazalbhoy Institute.

READ—what your favourite screen ★ star says about NAILA Beauty Aids

On the recommendation of a friend I tried 'NAILA' Toilet Products and I am glad to say that I have been much satisfied. They truly aid the enhancement of natural beauty. I wish the manufacturers every success and hope they will keep up the good qualities of their products.

K Rose

Miss ROSE

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Nagpur Gramophone House, for Nagpur.
B. Rex & Co., Lahore, for Punjab, N.W.F.P. and Kashmir State.

second-run theatre, which, to say the least, is an unfair practice.

Unless something is done, and quickly to solve this stalemate the economic condition of the industry is going to deteriorate considerably in the near future.

LICENSE THE OPERATORS!

The other day while seeing a picture at a local theatre, the picture disappeared from the screen half-a-dozen times and every time I was told that the film had snapped suddenly. In addition to the usual interval the programme therefore supplied six extra intervals during which I watched the projectionist with extreme disgust, clumsily trying to place the film on the central sprocket, the teeth of which had almost rubbed off.

Why can't we have well maintained equipment and qualified projectionists in some of our city theatres when we are asked to pay as much as Rs. 2|4|- per seat as the price of admission?

Some time back we had appealed to the local police authorities calling upon them to issue licences to qualified operators and to debar the non-licensed ones from being employed in the local cinemas. But the authorities, as is characteristic of them, did not move in the matter, probably thinking this item to be too much of a bother. But the Gwalior State has already enforced this reform in its cinema regulations and one cannot see any reason why a progressive city like Bombay, the first city in India, should lag behind, especially when the Abdulla Fazalbhoy Institute in Bombay can supply qualified projectionists by the score.

Really something must be done to improve our showmanship in the city.

Madhuri and Motilal warm your hearts in "Sasural", a social picture of Ranjit.

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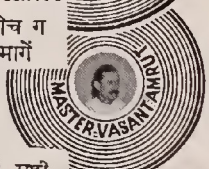

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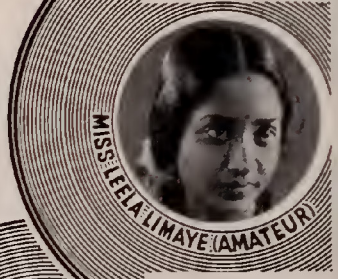
माधवा कां न करणा

कबुतरका मोजा



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"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

RECORDS WHICH SELL THEMSELVES

DEVIKA RANI—

This star of stars comes to the screen again after a long time, in "Anjan", a social picture of the Bombay Talkies.

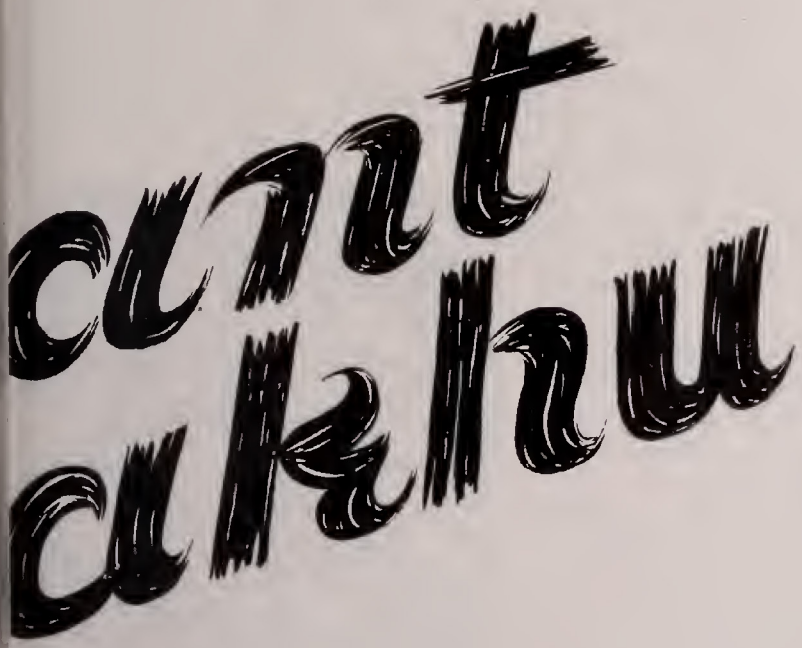
SH

A "FAMOU

SLAVED...SHE SUFFERED... !

TO SAVE HER SOUL—

AND LIT UP THE LIVES
OF GENERATIONS.....



PRABHAT'S

FILM-BIOGRAPHY
OF A FRAIL GIRL
WITH A STOUT HEART

●

DIRECTED BY **DAMLE**
FATEHLAL & RAJA NENE

●

STARRING **HANSA, GOURI,**
KULKARNI, SUMITRA
AND SHANTA MUZUMDAR

ER LIFE
WAS A GREAT ADVENTURE !
ER BIOGRAPHY
IS A GREAT MOTION PICTURE !!

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CAPACITY HOUSES AT **CENTRAL**
(BOMBAY)
PRABHAT (POONA) & **CAPITOL** (SURAT)

ICTURES LTD." RELEASE

INDIA'S FIRST P

The Court Dancer

Excellent Dialogues

Producer Jamshed Wadia from whose pen came the dialogues of "The Court Dancer".

Here is India's first picture produced in the English language and in comparison with the Hindi and the Bengali versions, the "Court Dancer" (Raj Nartaki) in English has become a more intense and melodramatic picture. Naturally, therefore, "The Court Dancer" provides better entertainment to all.

People have been waiting for years to see the first Indian picture in English. And now here is their chance to see one—and a beautiful one at that.

Mr. Surendra C. Desai, the Production Manager of "The Court Dancer."

Though "The Court Dancer" cannot be compared with the super productions from Hollywood, it is still on level with some very good pictures from Hollywood and it is far sight better than several pictures coming from Great Britain.

As the drama unfolds itself on the screen, "The Court Dancer" supplies a rare thrill with the expectation of Indian artistes talking in English held in suspense for some time. And when the first few sentences are heard, one thinks it all too difficult to believe. And yet it is true—too true that our own artistes have delivered the goods almost as effectively as the glamour boys of Hollywood.

The original plot of the picture has become more effective than the Indian language versions, as all extraneous sequences have been removed from the English version by cutting it down to approximately 7600 feet. The silly comedy element which had provided such a drag in Hindi and Bengali has been entirely cut out to the utter relief of the audience. The film story has therefore become concise, deliberate and more effective.

A STORY WITH MODERN PARALLELS

This is a story of a great love between a prince and a court dancer. It is an ancient story from one of the most colourful kingdoms of India—Manipur. But in its essentials, even this ancient story finds modern parallels in our present-day life. Because the drama is born out of the maladjustments of our social values since times immemorial.

Indrani, the lovely court dancer attached to the kingdom of Manipur was in love with Prince Chandrakirti, the heir-apparent to the throne. The Prince reciprocated the sentiment of the dancer with equal sincerity and warmth.

But the social gulf between them prevented the Prince from taking his lady-love to the altar and making her the future Queen of Manipur. Could the court dancer be a fitting consort to a Royal Prince? Could a Royal Prince marry an ordinary dancer even if he loved her more than his life? This story says "No"; but it is a story of the ancient times.

Mr. Modhu Bose, the director of "The Court Dancer."

But in the suicide of the court dancer is a question born: Is human life greater than our man-made social laws? If the supreme sacrifice of the court dancer wins for her even a little sympathy of our present day prejudice-ridden world, this effort will not have been in vain.

POLITICS AND SOCIETY

Even in ancient India, just as in the present times, politics interfered with human lives and often changed their course. The neighbouring kingdom of Tripura had a

URE IN ENGLISH

Beautiful Picture

cellent Production Values

long standing feud with the kingdom of Manipur. And the people of both the kingdoms were looking forward anxiously to the termination of this feud by the marriage of the Prince of Manipur with the Princess of Tripura.

The King of Manipur, father of the Prince, was only too willing to forge this alliance with the neighbouring kingdom to end an old feud with a powerful enemy.

Mr. S. B. Nayampally plays the King of Manipur in "The Court Dancer".

The welcome news spreads far and wide. Goswami Kashishwar, the religious head of the community, decides to travel to Manipur with the Sacred Dust of the feet of Lord Chaitanya and to bless the people of Manipur by the distribution of the Sacred Dust.

THE TYRANNY OF RELIGION

In Indian life, religion has always played a vital part and even after ages of deterioration, religion is still the supreme urge for the 400 million Indians. In the ancient times, therefore, the Sacred Dust and its distribution would be considered the most sacrosanct event in the history of a kingdom.

The High Priest Goswami Kashishwar arrives in the court dancer's garden and watches her Radha-Krishna dance in quiet admiration. The court dancer's chaste and excellent interpretation of this symbolic dance of divine love wins his admiration and in a moment of ecstasy he offers her the Sacred Dust. But the King who arrives just then intercepts him by informing him that Indrani was a mere court dancer and as such had not enough caste to receive the holy blessing. The High Priest checks himself and refuses to bless the court dancer.

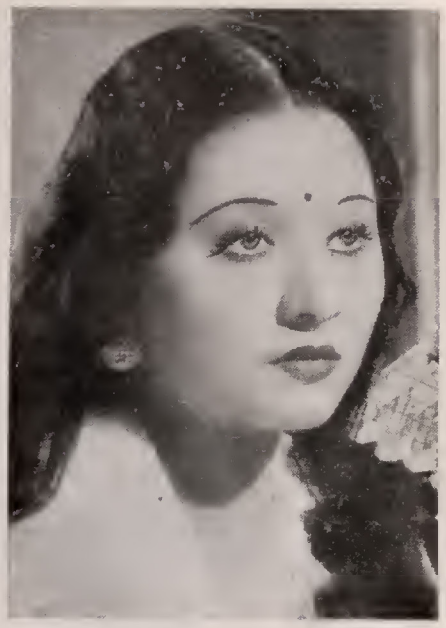
The first evidence of her social status is thus brought home to the court dancer and she becomes sad and depressed.

At the Court, the Envoy Extraordinary of Tripura is pressing King Jaisingh of Manipur to announce the engagement of the Prince to the Princess, but the Prince becomes adamant in love and the thought of taking another woman as a consort tortures him. His love for the dancer was divine.

Next day the King summons the court dancer to dance at the Court assembled to announce the engagement of the royal prince. Indrani dances with love in her heart and eyes on the Prince, but when she hears of the engagement she is broker hearted.

SWEARING THE TROTH

With a mountain of despair on her head and a storm of emotions within, the court dancer repairs herself to a ruined temple on a hill top to pray to the Lord. The Lord answers her prayers and lo! she beholds the Prince standing beside her solemnly swearing the troth: "I'll marry you and make you my queen."



Sadhona Bose, the heroine of "The Court Dancer".

The drama now rushes to an emotional climax. A rejected lover of the court dancer excites the subjects of the King and denounces her

Mr. Jal Khambata plays the Goswami Kashishwar in "The Court Dancer."

as a witch. On the other hand, the King of Manipur is furious at the behaviour of his son, and for the first time in his life wants to exercise his royal authority regardless of the question of his son's happiness.

But the Prince is irreconcilable.

He rushes to the chamber of the court dancer and there plans to elope with her the next morning. For a moment their all absorbing love for each other has triumphed and both the lover and the beloved are carried away with the beautiful prospects of the future union.

FIFTH COLUMN STRATEGY

The King is on the horns of a dilemma, and he does not know how to solve the problem. The Envoy Extraordinary of Tripura is pressing ever harder than before. Just then Goswami Kashishwar volunteers to speak to the court dancer.

They meet in the ruined temple on the hill top and there the High Priest in his soothing and yet stern voice tells the court dancer of the divine duties of kingship. And in the name of her very love for the Prince urges her to sacrifice it to enable the Prince to fulfil a higher destiny.

The court dancer is impressed with the teaching that greater love lies in sacrifice.

The court dancer is impressed with the teaching that greater love lies in sacrifice.

And the next day when the Prince arrives to take his beloved away the court dancer is not ready, but on the other hand disillusions the Prince by telling him that he was of no use to her if he had to give up the throne. The Prince is broken hearted and he returns home a wiser man

In the city of Manipur, the mob fury kindled by the rejected lover of the court dancer now assumes huge proportions and the mob rushes to burn the witch, as the court dancer is called by the people.

At the eleventh hour, the Prince comes to know, through the now repentant High Priest, of the virtue and loyalty of the court dancer and he rushes to her house to save her, but he is too late.

The beloved has already made her supreme sacrifice and departed from this world.

AN INVALUABLE PICTURE

The English dialogues are very appropriately worded and lend a distinct charm to the story. Almost all the principal artistes have delivered their dialogues very well in addition to their excellent histrionic work.

The dance and song interludes, kept in their original state, provide a welcome contrast with the spoken sequences and at the same time contribute considerably to the cultural atmosphere of the story.

Altogether, it is a rare picture not to be missed under any circumstances and even if one has to travel miles for it, it is worth the trouble and expense. "The Court Dancer" is a new experience and as such it is invaluable.

THE SALUTE

I salute Producer Jamshed Wadia of Wadia Movietone for his pioneering enterprise in producing India's first picture in English—"The Court Dancer".

When this picture goes across the seas to the foreign countries, it will be the most eloquent ambassador of our thrice unlucky home land.

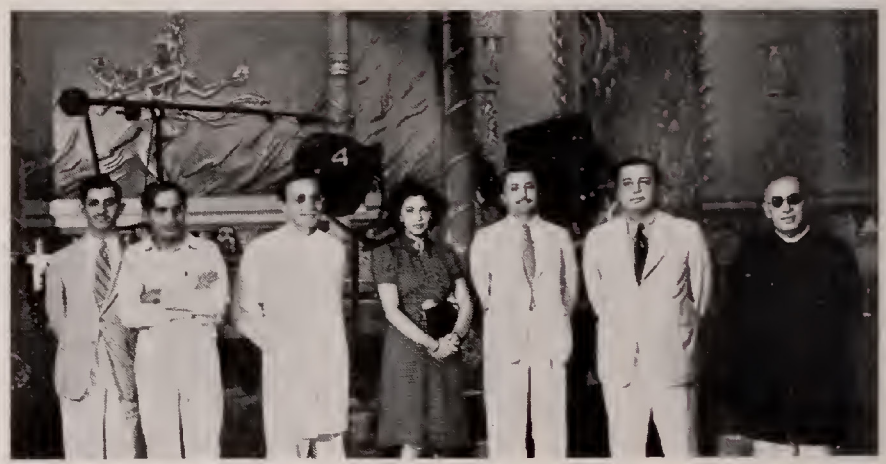
I know what it is to be an Indian in those arrogant foreign countries where every coloured man is taken for a barbarian.

I congratulate all—the director, the technicians and the artistes—for contributing their best to this excellent enterprise.

In the proud smile of the stray and lonely Indian, lost in the foreign country today, will they get the reward of their labour.

For, truly, as a cultural propaganda, "The Court Dancer" is a patriot's gift to the nation.

BABURAO PATEL.



When Rita Carlyle goes visiting the studios, all work stops. Here she is on the "Bharat Milap" sets in Prakash. From left to right Mr. Kotwal, Mr. Vijoy Bhatt, Mr. P. C. Kapadia, Miss Carlyle, Mr. H. C. Netarwalla, Mr. Baburao Patel and Mr. Kapadia.

VICTORS ALL-MONEY MAKERS YET!

NIRDOSH
(HINDI)
and
(MARATHI)
DIRECTOR:
V. C. DESAI

NAI ROSHNI
(HINDI)
DIRECTORS:
LALITCHANORA & CHIMANKANT

GARIB
(HINDI)
DIRECTOR:
R. THAKU

VIJAY
(HINDI)
DIRECTOR:
M. SINHA

LALAJI
(HINDI)
DIRECTORS
LALITCHANDRA & CHIMANKANT

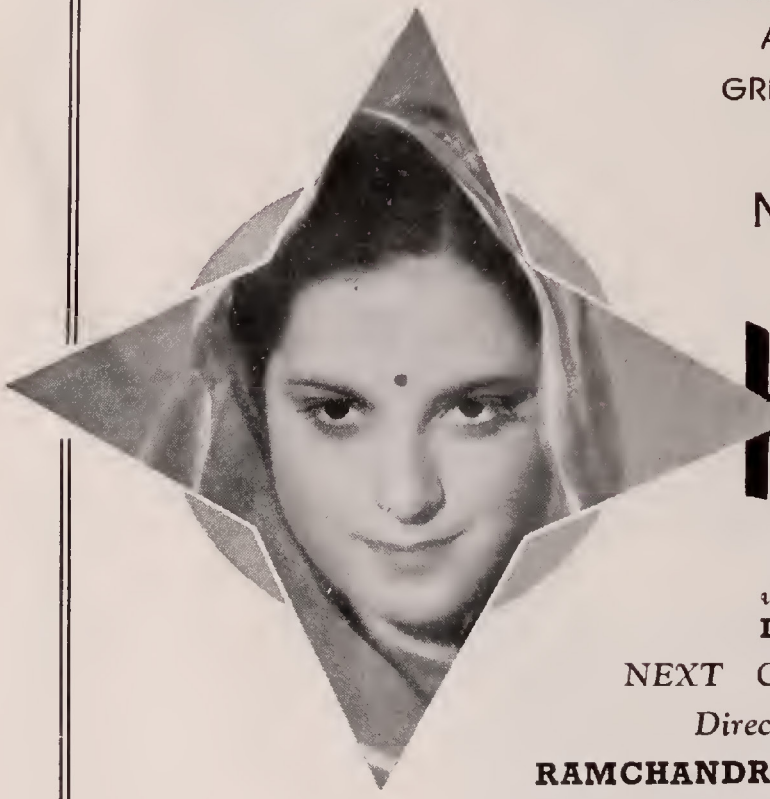
ROTI
(HINDI)
DIRECTOR:
MEHBOOB

NATIONAL STUDIOS,
TARDEO ROAD. BOMBAY 7

GOD COULD NOT BE EVERYWHERE—
AND THEREFORE HE MADE MOTHERS!

THIS MOTHER COMMITTED A MURDER TO SECURE A LITTLE HAPPINESS FOR HER ONLY SON!

A STORY AS UNUSUAL AS GREAT



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RAMCHANDRA THAKUR

Now At **PATHE**

Director **MEHBOOB'S**
MIGHTY EMOTIONAL HIT

SISTER

Starring: **SHEIKH MUKHTAR, NALINI JAYWANT & HARISH**

DRAWING CROWDS ——

The EDITOR'S MAIL

[In this section, the editor himself replies to queries from the readers. As thousands of letters are received every month—some anxious and several frivolous—it is neither possible nor convenient to attend to all. Selected letters are usually treated in an informative and humorous strain and no offence is meant to anyone.]

S. S. Naidu (Bombay)

The picture "Khazanchi" has a magic touch in it. The Punjabi atmosphere arrests your attention and transports you to a region of bliss.

Magic! It has become an Alladin's Lamp to all concerned, the way it keeps on pouring money into the box-offices all over India. Which Punjabi atmosphere do you like—the weaker or the stronger?

V. Subba Rao (Secunderabad)

If there had been no Baburao Patel, would Ranjit have become so popular as today?

Sardar Chandulal Shah was born long before Baburao Patel and he brought his luck with him without consulting me. I am afraid the old Sardar is more helpful to me than I am to him.

Kanhaia Jee (Patna)

I am simply dying for Snehaprabha Pradhan. What shall I do?

Die. It will be more pleasant than living.

S. H. Dhupelia (Durban)

Is Leela Chitnis likely to go back to Bombay Talkies after Kanchan?

She has gone back and is already working in "Jhoola", the new social picture of Bombay Talkies. And I hope she stays there.

When are you coming to South Africa?

Not till as a representative of a free India.

Who is the best music director of India?

I rather like Anil Biswas of National Studios because R. C. Boral of New Theatres is out of tune at present.

V. K. Bhatnagar (Secunderabad)

Don't you think that Editor Premchand of "Naya Sansar" is a better man than the Editor of "filmindia"?

Certainly. Premchand is the idealistic hero of the screen. I am a practical man of the world.

N. A. Motra (Rangoon)

How many actresses have obtained a divorce?

So far as I know only one—Leela Chitnis. Some of the rest just don't marry.

P. L. N. Rao (Masulipatam)

I hear that Motilal is a good palmist. I want to show him my palm. How much will he charge?

Motilal specializes in only ladies' palms. And it is reported that he sees the lines more clearly only in the moonlight. You have therefore no chance.

G Raghavendra Rao (Mandya)

What is Shantaram's next move?

It is as mysterious as his greatness. Some say that he is starting a new production company, but I know that he is sitting tight on his past.

What about Sohrab Mody's "Alexander The Great"?

What about it? I have heard nothing about it.

Where is your favourite Shanta Apte?

She is working as a heroine in "Apna Ghar", a Circo Picture directed by Mr. Devki Bose and therefor she is right in Bombay, but she does not know my new office address.

Seeta and Rita. Miss Carlyle snapped together with Shobhana Samarth on the sets of "Bharat Milap", a Prakash picture.

A Future!

THAT WAS NEVER BRIGHTER

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in the season's great action hit

MANPOWER

FRANK CAPRA

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JAMES CAGNEY • BETTE DAVIS

together, in love, in action, as

THE BRIDE CAME C.O.D.

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ERROL FLYNN • FRED MacMURRAY

in

DIVE BOMBER

with

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as Mr. and Mrs. Disraeli in

PRIME MINISTER

A powerful story played by a brilliant cast

ANN SHERIDAN

in the big musical spectacle

NAVY BLUES

with

MARTHA RAYE • JACK OAKIE

GARY COOPER

in a great adventure drama

SERGEANT YORK

with

AN OUTSTANDING CAST

YOU CAN DEPEND ON

THE LEADERS OF THE INDUSTRY

Warner Bros.

Jagdish lends star value to "Sajjan", a Sudarshan picture.

S. S. Raman (Kadiri)

What shall I do to become a story writer like Ahmed Abbas?

You must first run down every one in the film industry and establish yourself as a film critic to be feared. Then you must suddenly give up film criticism and flirt with a couple of film girls. Later on you can go for a few dinners with leading directors and whether you like their pictures or not, you must profusely praise them. If you find an intellectual point of which the director never before dreamt your story is sold, whatever its contents. The director will patch it up and make it ready for the screen. Not that Abbas did all this, but that is the popular procedure.

V. S. Acharya (Chicacole)

Srimati Y. Padmavati, a school mistress, came to Madras resigning her post and selling off the little property she had to enter the film world. After strenuous efforts she was taken by a film concern. She advanced money up to Rs. 500|- as a loan to the director to keep him pleased. Unfortunately the director died and now she can not recover her money. What is your advice to her?

She should go back to her class room and teach the pupils what she has learnt. It has been a bitter lesson and it is worth imparting to others. A schoolmistress is the least glamorous of persons to flirt with the film environments. I have no sympathy for her.

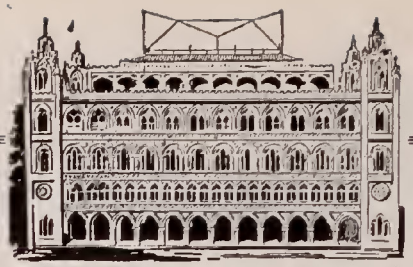
P. B. Venkatram Reddy (Benares)

The cinema theatres of Benares, especially the "Chitra", are not well maintained hygienically or otherwise. The equipment, furniture and fans are all out of date. The lavatories are badly kept. There is so much accumulation of dust on the screen that an ordinary picture looks a coloured one. It is a pity that even the Municipality seems to be indifferent about this. What can be done?

I don't blame the cinema owners. They give you, what you deserve and nothing more. They are businessmen. If the residents of Benares are so stupid and spineless as to accept tamely anything that is given to them, it is not the showman's fault for keeping his theatre in a bad condition. If you want the conditions to change for the better, ask and you shall be given. Convene meetings of students, leading citizens and community leaders and express your protest. If you feel cheated in value for the price of admission you pay, take the showman to task. Boycott his cinema, picket the pictures, do anything that you can do as men but don't merely complain like weaklings.

As regards our municipalities, most of our city fathers are usually sterile folks whose productive

Veena plays the heartless vamp in "Kasauti" a National picture.



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Rev. G. PALACIOS, S.J.,
Ph. D., D.D., Ph.D. (Columbia),
Director.

Devika Rani and Ashok Kumar meet on the screen after a long time in "Anjan".

germ has long before been killed. You can not expect anything from these men.

Hemandra Nath (Chandausi)

Our Warden one day came to our room and asked me to put the photo of Leela Desai (on Bata calendar) into my box. Are the actresses so mean that we can not use even calendars with their photos on them?

No. I think Wardens, like the one you have, are really mean. They have a perverted sense of morality. There is nothing wrong with a film actress. She is subject to the same temptations and weaknesses as any other woman in any other walk of life. That Warden of yours should have died twenty years back. He has no right to live in 1941.

Miss Sharda Oberoi (Lahore)

I have got a little monkey called Moti, and it is very intelligent, I wonder if Motilal will accept it as a present?

Sure, he will. .Motilal will like to meet his namesake. But after giving your Moti away, if you miss it, don't come in its search to Bombay.

Mrs. Sheila Misra (Delhi)

Do you think that the film producers can really afford to pay four figure salaries to actors like Motilal?

Do you think that film producers are fools to be doing so? They are hard boiled business men and they would pay even six-figure amounts to the artistes if they could afford to do so. After all, this big money is paid by people like you who see the pictures and not by the producers. Motilal is a very popular artiste and deserves every rupee he gets.

D. N. Panjnigar (Poona)

In "Taj Mahal", the role of Mumtaz Begum is played by Sarojini. Don't you think she is a bit too heavy?

I don't know which picture you are talking about and who is this Sarojini. There was a girl of that name in Mohan Pictures, but she is hardly the type for the role you mention.

K. Kameswara Rau (Masulipatam)

Why are you so fond of Nagiah the popular artiste of South India?

You have said it. Nagiah is popular. And I am a lover of talent. There are very few artistes in the rest of India who can be compared with Nagiah in music and acting. And Nagiah is a gentleman in addition. In the midst of the shrieking and thundering stage gentry of the South, Nagiah, the true artiste, comes as a welcome relief to a connoisseur. Nagiah makes even the Tamil language sound sweet and reasonable.

K. S. R. Iyer (Madras)

Who is this Neena, the mystery woman of the screen, who is appearing in Shalimar Pictures? Can I get her autographed photo?

Shobhana Samarth as "Seeta" in "Bharat Milap", a Prakash costume picture.

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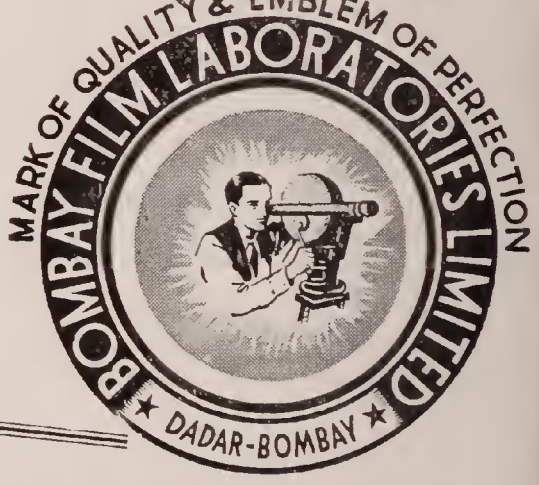

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She is a stunner old boy. Neena is startlingly beautiful and I am not permitted to tell more about her. She is an educated college girl from an excellent family and all that she has agreed to do at present is to autograph photos for fans and I got her first photo autographed for my collection. She has got a couple of hundred photos still in stock and if you want one be quick about it and write to: Neena care, W. Z. Ahmed, Best View, Cumballa Hill, Bombay. It is worth seeing Neena mockingly smiling at you from your mantel-piece.

S. V. Gurye (Lahore)

How many times has Baburao Pendharkar married?

Officially twice. And for the second wedding he didn't invite even his close friends.

Jaswant Singh (Agra)

How many times should a student see pictures in a month?

If the fare of entertainment is suitable and the student can afford it, every Saturday night can be a cinema night. An economic plan, however, should indicate two shows a month.

R. M. S. Khray (Dehra Dun)

Why are people more fond of Khurshid's music than that of Leela Chitnis?

Because Khursheed sings better and has a sweeter voice. Now tell me, if you can't understand this much, why do you read "filmindia"?

Even friends found it difficult to recognise Azuri, the way Kardar has changed her in "Nai Duniya". Doesn't she look a heart breaker?

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Miss Sushila Wagle (Bombay)

After your comments on "Bastards or Directors" in "filmindia" of August, do you still advise society girls to join the screen?

Yes, I do. There are bad people in every walk of life as there are rocks in every sea. But that does not stop people from enterprising. A really good girl can still be a big success in our film industry—inspite of a few bastards here and there. I know several girls who, keeping good character as their sheet anchor all along, have achieved great success. Strangely enough most of these girls do not come from big families or boast of any college education. It is usually the so-called educated and sophisticated girl who is more than responsible for the dirty work in the film industry.

K. Popakat (Mysore)

Several Government servants of the Police, Electrical, Railway, Income-tax and Postal departments, have become regular pests to the cinema theatre owners. They worry the cinema man to issue free passes not only for themselves but for their wives, children, relatives and even friends. A refusal often brings reprisals in its wake. Can you suggest a remedy for this?

As a man in business the showman cannot afford to rub it the wrong way with these official executives. But some public spirited person can bring this shameful state of affairs to the notice of the higher state authorities and if they are conscious of their duty they will stop their subordinates from misusing their privileges. This practice was once rampant in Bombay and the local Police took their pound of flesh every week from the showmen, till "filmindia" made a noise about it and Mr. K. M. Munshi, the then Home Member to the Government of Bombay, had to issue strict orders forbidding this questionable practice.

Your complaint does not speak much for the democratic fibre of the Mysore State. I was always under the impression that Mysore was a well managed, well disciplined progressive state.

M. C. Ahmed (Cochin)

In "Padosi", a Muslim and a Hindu are given the parts of a Hindu and a Muslim respectively. Would it not have been more realistic if the part of the Hindu had been played by a Hindu and the Muslim by a Muslim?

When Shantaram selects a cast, he does not bother about a man being a Hindu or a Muslim. He worries about the suitability of a person for a role. However, don't you think that in assigning the roles as they have been, Shantaram has also proved to our communalists that there is nothing to choose between the Hindu and the Muslim and that one is as good as the other or that one can always replace the other? Your sense of realism begins by separating these two sons of India. No, my man, they are like the proverbial Siamese Twins and can't be separated so easily.

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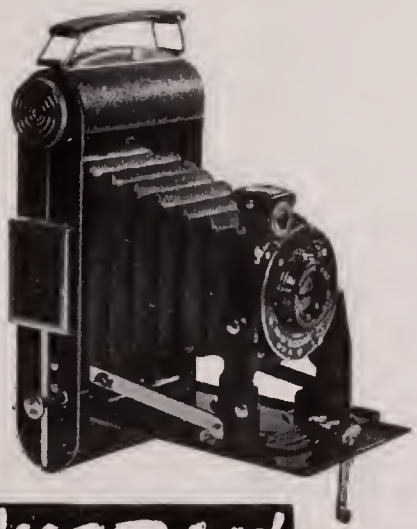

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As the Heart of Youth!

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TALKIES
BOMBAY,

And At EIGHT Other
Cities In India.

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ography :	: R. D. MATHUR
: :	PANNALAL GHOSE
e by :	: TARUN KUMAR
l : :	M. I. DHARAMSEY
by : : : :	PRADEEP
gues : : :	J. S. CASSHYAP
Architect : :	L. H. CHORIDIA
ssing : : :	G. B BAVKAR
gue Director : :	S. I. HASAN
: : : :	D. N. PAI

Shantaram Confesses His Awful Crime!

What Price Box-Office?

By: **V. SHANTARAM**

The other day I happened to pick up a film magazine. As I opened it my eyes fell on a page which sported a splendid array of bleak, neat figures, figures piled upon figures. I thought I had made some mistake. Instead of picking up a cinema paper I had unwittingly run into the latest financial report of a profiteering business concern or perhaps a bulletin of some Chamber of Commerce.

I blinked, rubbed my eyes and looked again. It was a film paper no doubt, for the cover was adorned by a charming young female star instead of a stiff necked business magnate. I scanned the deceptive page once more and the truth dawned on me. No it didn't contain anything I had imagined it did. It just gave a literal account of a certain film's glorious success at the box-office. The parade of figures represented the amounts collected at various stations. The parade ended with a chant of praise for the producer who had achieved the miracle. It was a great achievement. Was it?

I began pondering over the matter. Here was a way of looking at things which had never occurred to me during my entire long film career. The telephone at my table rang incessantly. Our Story Department chief wanted to come over for another of our head-splitting discussions over the script of a forthcoming picture. But I asked him to wait, and went on with my deliberations. Is there any necessity, thought I, for achieving artistic perfection in films, for worrying yourself to death to give something different, something higher to the public, when you could produce a box-office hit in a shorter time and without so much slaving too?

THE BOX OFFICE INGREDIENTS

It was indeed an important question. I tried to figure out the ingredients that made the box-office cocktail; the usual boy-gets-the-girl stuff, incredible situations, out-of-place humorous punches, and songs thicker than the relatives at the reading of a will. A rather disagreeable concoction for a man with the slightest pretence to aesthetic sense. He would refuse it even if he had lately gone through an era of prohibition, and rightly too.

I had myself danced to the box-office tune and had produced pictures which created box-office history. But I had been disillusioned, for the gilded tune proved to be a piece of coarse jazz on closer examination. I wondered why some people extolled box-office hits and encouraged producers to run after such a thing. How could such a corporeal tune satisfy our incorporeal soul?

I could not reconcile myself to the constantly repeated plea that the business of the screen was to entertain only because this meant that the producer's job was to make as much money as possible out of the community and do it as little good as possible. Could he do such a thing in these days of trial and misery without feeling guilty?

WHITHER HUMANITY

World—upheaval, I continued thinking, must shock our film industry into the realization of its duty to humanity. We have got to make pictures about something other than the struggles of boys to get girls. At any rate, this theme should not be indulged in to the exclusion of consideration for the welfare of society, nation and civilization as a whole. Mentally and materially the world is in a state of a muddle. Civilization is in a state of flux, and the human beings are heading towards disaster. People have acquired a wrong philosophy of life, their brains are diseased with the evil passions of hatred, strife, cruelty and domination. Only Nature is mockingly functioning as usual; flowers are blooming, birds are singing, brooks are babbling, as if there was nothing amiss.

Mr. Shantaram, India's Greatest Director and Partner of Prabhat.

No creative artist, I believed, could fail to recognise what was going around him and to reflect in his art something of the burning issues of the day, something of the contemporary scene apart from pure entertainment. A study into the works of all great artists proved this.

A film producer could not reasonably hesitate to take up a theme that deals with an economic or social condition obviously crying for adjustment and correction. I, however, realised that the mission of the screen was not to preach. It is a factual medium, not an argumentative one, a medium for making facts visual. But I also realised that no pen was so powerful, no voice so eloquent as to match for impressiveness a message conveyed by visual image. Wouldn't it be gross folly, thought I, to use this wonderful medium for cheap entertainment only?

AN AWFUL CRIME?

I didn't ignore the possibility that pictures with a definite purpose were likely to yield less profit and that

there were slightly less chances of their being box-office sensations, because they offended the public by making them feel and think. An awful crime.

But I was sure that there was no harm in making experiments now and then. Huge amounts were being spent every year by industrial concerns to perfect some process or the other. Why shouldn't the film industry also venture such a thing? Some producer had to make a little bit of financial sacrifice (in the form of less profits), only a little bit, because there was nothing much incompatible between the reasonable (not gluttonous) interests of the box-office and the kind of entertainment that raised the level of audience appreciation. Romance, love, comedy, drama action and all the climaxes do not all have to be routed out in factual films. All that was needed was careful handling and treatment of the subject. The sacrifice was worth making.

NOT FOR MERE MONEY

I remembered to have been told by somebody that my film "Life's For Living" actually saved the life of a certain young man who was about to end his frustrated life by suicide. He saw the film and was a new man. I recollected that I felt more than repaid when I heard that incident. What are after all a few coins in comparison to a human life.

And yet, brooded I, some people complained about instructive films, films that attacked a social or national evil. Why! Because there wasn't enough of cheap entertainment in them, because they were not box-office hits.

I wondered why others bothered about the finances of the producer. He could certainly take care of his own pocket. If he is an independent producer, it is his own money he is gambling with, and if he works for a limited concern, he is answerable to the board of directors. Wasn't there something fishy about such philanthropic worries about others?

To me it seemed misplaced and unwarranted criticism. The famous sculptor Epstein, I thought, was perfectly right when he bitterly remarked "'Art is the one thing about which everybody is allowed to have an opinion. I have studied Sculpture all my life and yet I am not considered to know as much about my job as the urchin who throws stones at my work. It's a little hard."

My telephone rang again. My colleague still wanted to see me for that never-ending story-discussion. "Don't just come" I shouted over the line, "run over, or better still, fly if you can."

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...this beautiful GIFT COFFRET—In it you'll find four of the finest toilet soaps, including the first-class Godrej No. 1 and the new, Big soap-'Vatni'. The gay colouring, and the excellent quality and lingering fragrance of the soaps will accent the sheer joy of giving. (And all this variety and gaiety for just one rupee!) Give this most likable small gift to a friend or relative, or give one to yourself; (also available with Godrej shaving stick). See it today at your store.

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Better Showmanship

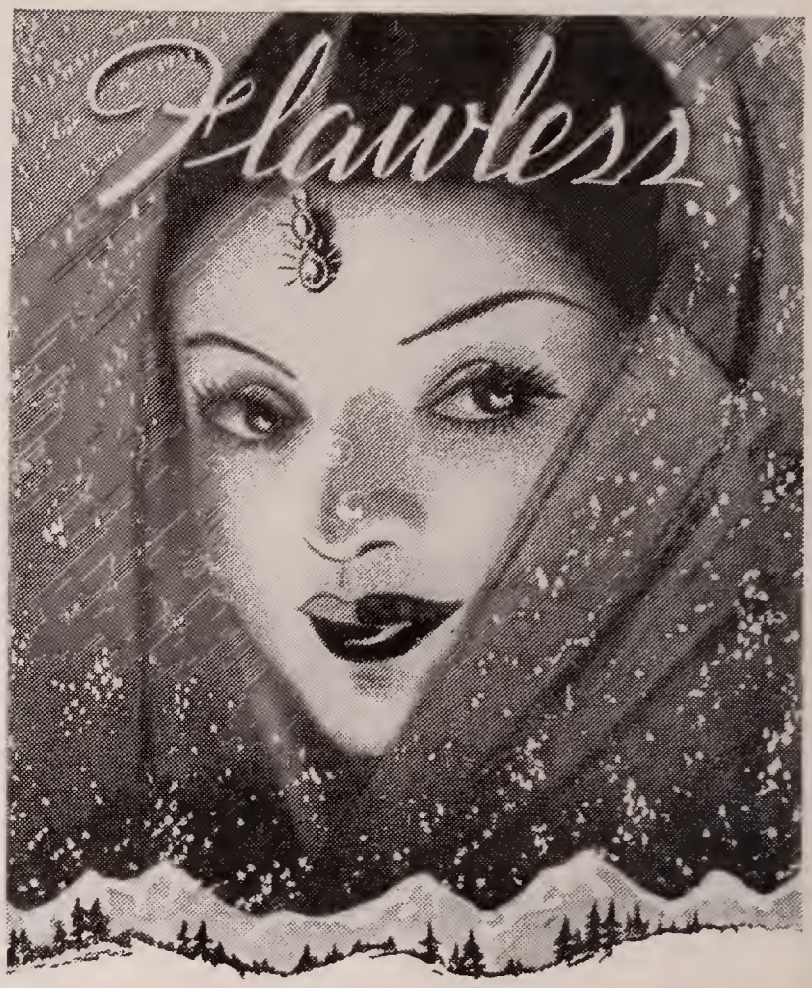
Every film goer can recall at least a dozen experiences when right in the midst of a picture, something goes wrong and the screening stops suddenly. Even those who sleep through a boring picture are soon woken up by the whistles of the crowd blown in protest.

The layman does not know the reason and doesn't care as long as he gets his show. But the showman is worried because his motor has broken down and he cannot continue to give the show. Theatre patrons have short patience and very soon one hears cat-calls and demands of refund.

It is a trying moment to the honest showman. But this problem seems to have been foreseen and guarded against by the Hertner Electric Company when they gave to the exhibition industry their utterly reliable Hertner Transverter. The Transverter is a Motor generator set equipment used for supplying direct electrical energy to the arc lamps used for motion picture projection.

The motors are designed particularly for motion picture service. The momentary overloads put on the equipment when the arcs are struck and the loads during the period when two arcs are burning, must be considered when designing such a motor. The speed of the motor must be practically constant under these loads and the motor must have a high efficiency under all operating conditions. A standard Class A or Class B induction motor does not meet these requirements, consequently these motors are built to fit their job.

Yes, Sir, the Hertner Transverters are all that an efficient showman can wish for in this particular branch of showmanship.



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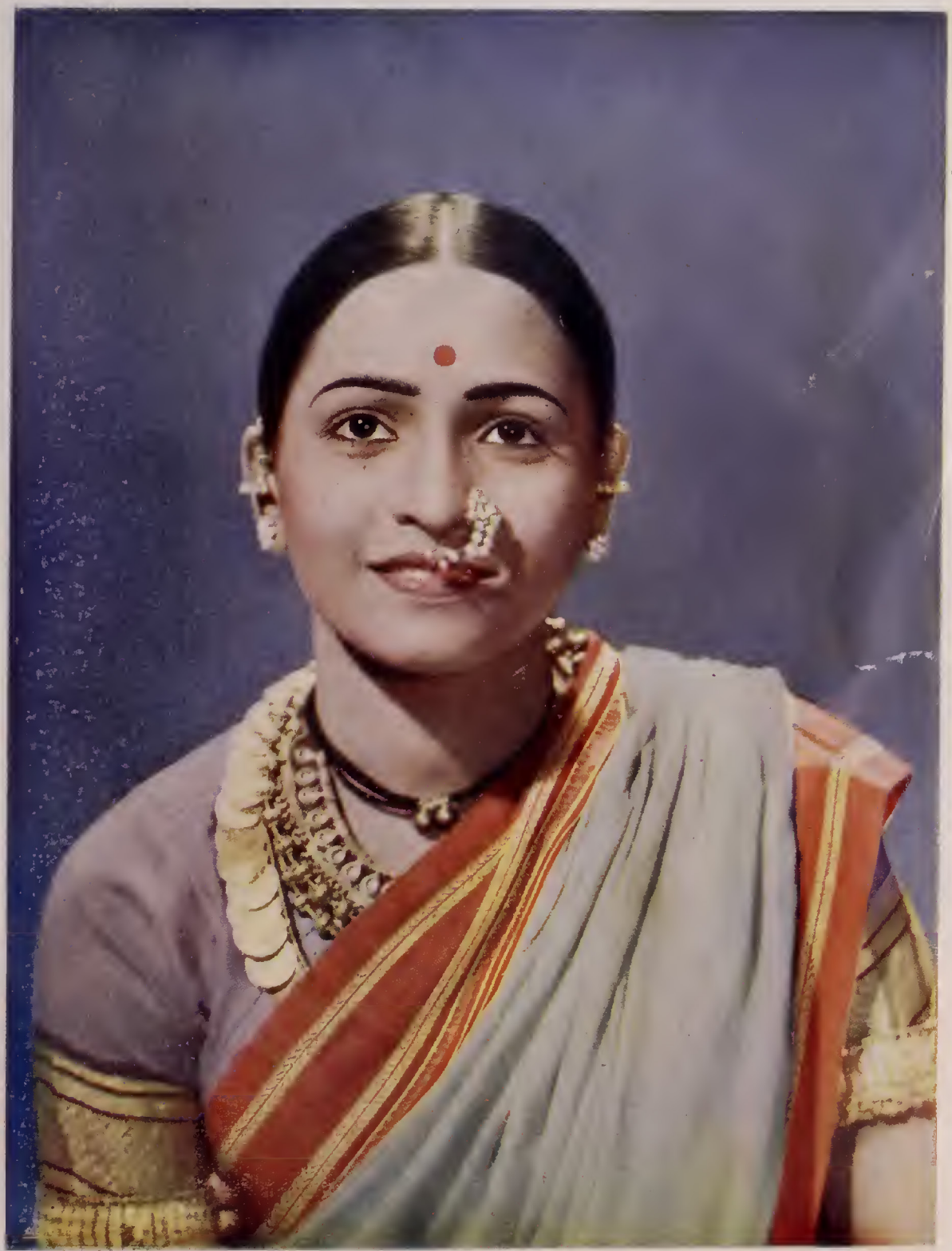

HANSA--

As Sant Sakhu, in the picture of the same name produced by the Prabhat Film Co., Hansa proves an ideal cast as a typical Maharashtrian lady.

When better pictures are
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EK
Featuring NEENA & PRITH

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PRODUCED BY
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AT
SHREE SOUND STUDIOS
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with
K.N.SINGH
RATI
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Music : **NAUSHADALI**
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Cast

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- **Shobhana Samarth**
- **Prem Adib**
- **Amir Karnataki ;**
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CHIEF AGENTS: EVERGREEN PICTURES, BOMBAY—4

Prithviraj In News!

India's Glamour Boy Dreams Of Hollywood!

Hero Of India's First Picture In English!

By: Hyacinth

Literature is suffering from a dearth of new situations, and war news has been so sensational that we no longer are surprised to read what they'll do next.

In fact, the average newspaper and magazine reader has become so shock-proof that if you told him Hitler had presented a London hospital with an 'iron lung' (a la Lord Nuffield) he would accept the news with as much unconcern as he would accept a second peg.

But "The Court Dancer" in English at the Metro Cinema is front page news which is guaranteed to shake any reader out of his emotional inertia. Therefore Prithviraj as the hero of the first Indian film to be made in English is going to have more attention focussed on him than is good for a single human being.

No one dreamt—except perhaps Prithviraj—that an Indian film would be made in English. Prithviraj dreamt about it because he is always dreaming, but the nice thing about his dreams is that they gradually assume a more concrete form and become realities.

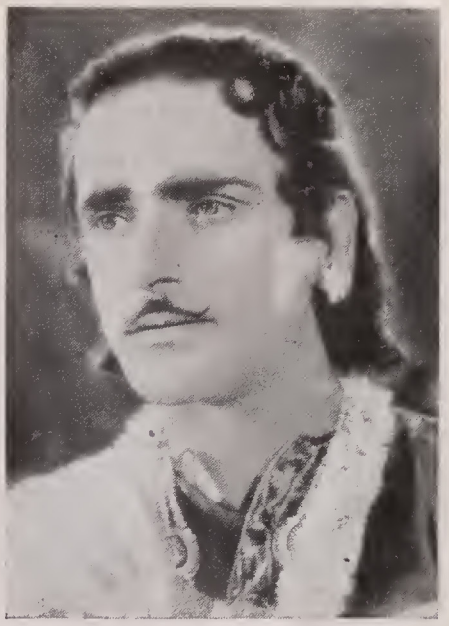
He used to dream of becoming an actor and he did. He used to dream about making a film in English and he has. He dreams now about going to Hollywood and I believe he will. "The Court Dancer" is the first step towards realising this last ambition. World audiences will now be able to see and understand an Indian film. Europeans in Bombay whose only contact with Indian films so far has been through dust-bespattered posters which they glance at idly, will have a chance to judge the worth of India's actors and actresses.

Prithviraj's hopes were dashed to the ground when he saw this adonis.

Very often we were dressed in magnificent costumes but we had nothing in our pockets.

A GOOD LOOKING GUY!

Prithviraj, both as an actor and a man can face with unconcern the most critical of audiences. Better looking than most Hollywood actors, his face has the sensitivity and intelligence of a true artist, while his physique would do credit to an athlete.

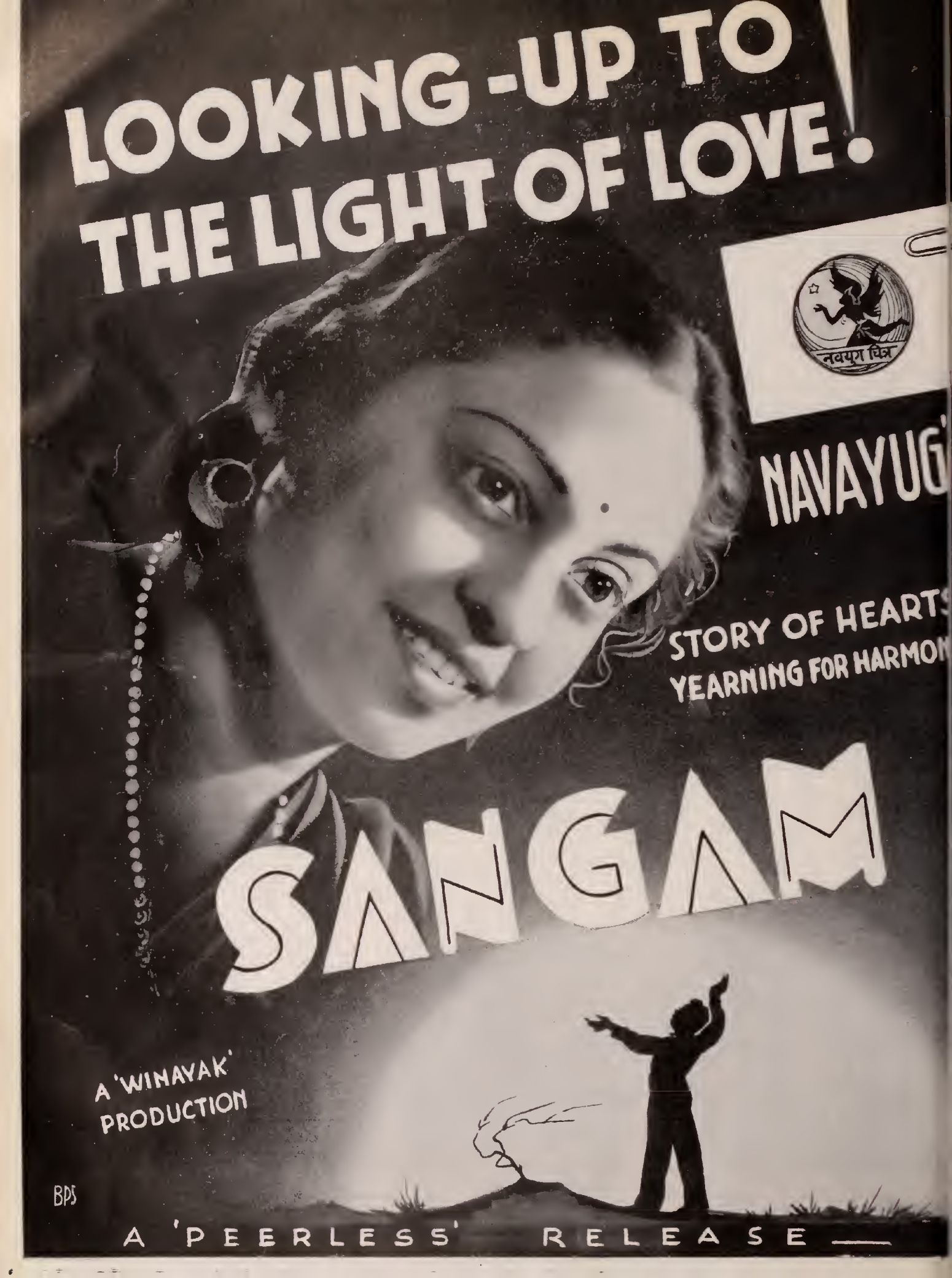


Mr. Prithviraj, the hero of "The Court Dancer" India's first picture in English.

The son of a Sub-Inspector of Police, and the grandson of a Tehsildar, it took all his powers of persuasion together with his failure in his first law examination to convince his father that Prithviraj would not make a good Policeman.

Prithviraj is a graduate of Edwardes College, Peshawar where he was a brilliant student, the College tennis champion, and a leading light in the College dramatic society. On one occasion, the society performed "The Boy Comes Home" and after the performance the Chief Commissioner Lt. Colonel Kean, who was a guest of honour, came up to Prithviraj and said "My boy you should make the stage your career."

Prithviraj was determined to be an actor. So great was his enthusiasm that his father eventually gave in to him and Prithviraj set out for Bombay. No doubt in his youthful eagerness he had visions of taking Bombay by storm and becoming a star overnight. You will see later that what he achieved was almost as good as his dream.


LOOKING-UP TO
THE LIGHT OF LOVE!
नवयुग चित्र
NAVAYUG
STORY OF HEARTS
YEARNING FOR HARMON
SANGAM
A 'WINAVAK'
PRODUCTION
BPS
A 'PEERLESS' RELEASE

MECCA OF HIS DREAMS

Bombay to Prithviraj was a Mecca, a place where his dreams would be realised, so when the train bringing him from his birth place Peshawar, drew into Grant Road station, and his fellow passengers said "This is Bombay", he looked at them with suspicion and said in a determined voice "My ticket says 'Colaba' and if I'm to get to Bombay I must get out at Colaba station." So Prithviraj got out at Colaba station and eventually found his way to the Kashmir Hotel. Here, strangely enough, he met two men connected with the films, Mr. Oberoi and Mr. G. K. Mehta, the well-known cameraman. They showed Prithviraj how to find his way to the Imperial Studios by drawing complicated diagrams for him to follow. Prithviraj had no letters of introduction, and no idea how he should go about this business of becoming an actor but he went to the Imperial Studios.

There Prithi found another prospective actor (an extremely handsome youth) waiting to see Mr. Ardeshir the proprietor of Imperial's. Prithviraj's hopes were dashed to the ground when he saw this adonis but the adonis was rejected and told Prithi that Mr. Ardeshir had said to him that he did not want any more actors. Prithi said "That's what you were told, but I'm going to try just the same."

Ardeshir was impressed by Prithviraj and his excellent College certificate which mentioned his dramatic ability. He said "My boy I see success written on your face but I can only offer you work as an unpaid extra." Prithviraj, picturing the amusement he would see on the faces of his friends in Peshawar if he returned a failure, agreed to become an unpaid extra. So he started work as an extra, but the day following his interview with Ardeshir, he attracted the attention of the director B. P. Misra, who gave him several film tests and then offered him the lead in his new picture.

After this Prithviraj rose to fame playing leading parts in 12 pictures for Imperial. One of these films was "Alam Ara" the first Indian talkie. But the Imperial authorities thought Prithviraj would not be a success in talkies, so he was thrown out along with several others.

AN HARD UP ACTOR

Nothing daunted, he joined Grant Anderson's Indian National Theatre Company and toured the country with them for ten months. During this time Prithi acted in fifteen plays among which were plays of Shakespeare, Shaw and Tagore. These Prithi says, were some of the happiest days of his life. He says "Very often we were dressed in magnificent costumes but we had nothing in our pockets. Yes, from a monetary point of view, those were hard times but we did not care. Grant Anderson was a grand old trouper and one day he paid me a very extravagant compliment. He said 'Prithi, you are the seventh descendant of Shakespeare and with your interpretation of Shakespeare's Cassius I can put on on any London stage'."

He would like to stay ten years in Hollywood and win a couple of "Oscars".

Unfortunately the Grant Anderson Company closed down in 1932 at Calcutta and so Prithviraj joined New Theatres in Calcutta.

Then he made "Seeta" for the East Indian Company and returned to the New Theatres and worked with them for five years. In Calcutta he worked under the direction of the famous Devki Bose and worked in "Vidyapati"

In 1939 Prithviraj joined Ranjit's and made five pictures. Then in 1940 Prithviraj started free-lancing and his recent films are "Deepak", "Raj Nartaki" and "Alexander The Great" which has not yet been seen by the public.

HIS SYMPATHY FOR GREECE

His two new films are Shalimar's "One Night" with Neena and another picture for Taj Mahal Pictures with Naseem.

So you see Prithviraj has had a very interesting and exciting career and his twelve years in the film business have taught him that once you become an actor you are an actor always. He loves his work.

The filming of "Alexander The Great" coincided with the actual fall of Greece during this present war and Prithi says "I kept wishing as I played the role of Alexander that I could really be Alexander the Great and lead my army against Hitler and defeat him in Greece"

INDIA'S AMBASSADOR

Prithviraj, has achieved the fame he dreamt about as a College boy and he will probably achieve world fame if he goes to Hollywood.

He would like to stay ten years in Hollywood and win a couple of "Oscars", before he returns to India. He says "Hollywood could be a League of Nations and a cultural centre if the people there would not think only of making money. Already almost every country is represented there by a well-known star or director. Garbo is Sweden's representative, Lubitsch is Germany's, Boyer is France's. Only India has no representative. Every nation has its own culture to contribute to the world. Why not let

(Con. on page 55)

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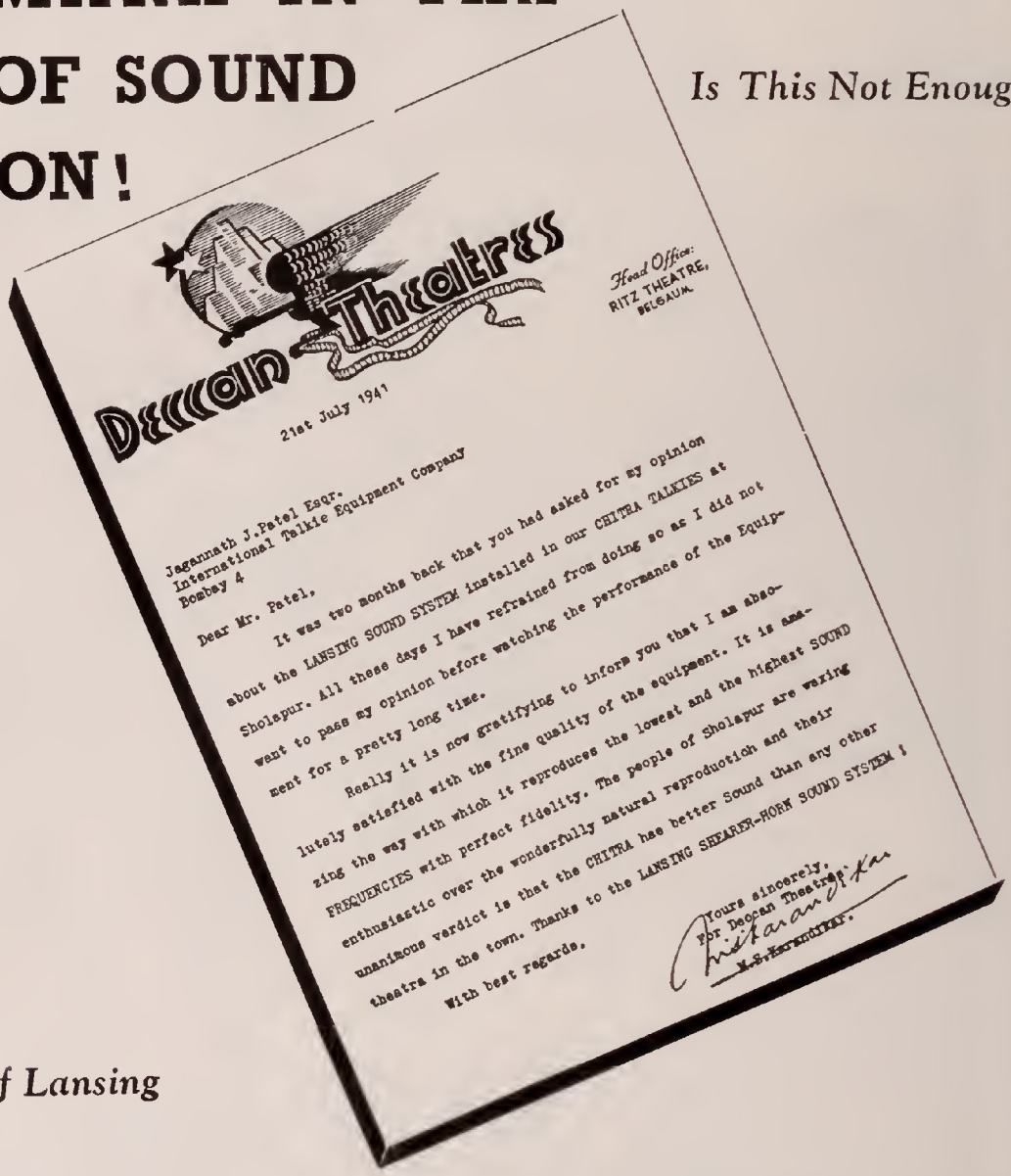

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21st July 1941

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With best regards.

Yours sincerely,
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Chitaranjit Rao
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The WESTREX W-800 Sound System possesses many of the outstanding features of WESTERN ELECTRIC'S more expensive sound systems. It brings to the average sized theatre, at low cost, a quality and volume of sound previously limited to larger and more expensive equipments. To the theatre owner whose budget demands a low price but whose experience leads him widely to insist on the highest quality, WESTREX W-800 Sound System is the answer.

The unusual physical design of this equipment makes it easy to install, simple and economical to operate, as all the components of the various units are easily accessible for inspection or repair, all components are fully tropical-zone impregnated ensuring long life and their careful design and rugged construction insure lowest maintenance cost.

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BUT FOUND LOVE IN POVERTY!

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And A Poem
For Every Home.

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SWAMI

Director: A. R. KARDAR

Starring: SITARA, RADHA RANI, YAKUB, JAYRAJ & others.

Watch: —MAJESTIC— BOMBAY

AND 3 MORE HITS.

1) "APNA GHAR"
Director: Devki Bose
Starring: Shanta Apte & Chandramohan

2) ' MAHATMA VIDUR"
Directors: Altekar & Baburao Painter
Starring: Vishnupant Pagnis & Durga Khote

3) "NAI DUNIYA"
Director: A. R. Kardar
Starring: Mazharkhan Shobhana Samarth and Azuri

The Abdulla Fazalbhoy Technical Institute

A Worthy Memorial To A Worthy Pioneer

Can We Forget Father Palacios And The Fazalbhoys ?

Since the Bombay University decided to allow affiliated colleges to hold Diploma Courses in various technical subjects, the mind of Fr. Palacios was busy planning out ways and means of starting courses of instructions in the subjects he had chosen for St. Xavier's College, namely, Radio and Cinema.

However, independently of him the sons of the late Mr. Abdulla Fazalbhoy were preparing to found a memorial to their father, whose genius, initiative and industry had contributed in a large measure to establish the radio and cinema industries in India. To perpetuate the memory of the illustrious pioneer his sons and the firm of Fazalbhoy Limited founded the Abdulla Fazalbhoy Technical Institute as a benevolent and educational institution in May 1937. Dame Fortune was apparently smiling on Fr. Palacios for, a few days later he received an invitation from Mr. Fazalbhoy to the opening ceremony of the Institute in Film City by the Mayor of Bombay.

One of the secrets of success is the ability to grasp boldly a favourable opportunity when it presents itself. That Fr. Palacios does not lack in snap decision, he amply proved on this occasion. At the party following the opening ceremony, he proposed to Mr. Fazalbhoy that since he himself had wanted to start the type of training in the College and that as the Fazalbhoys were anxious to found a memorial to their father, it would suit both parties admirably well if the Institute were donated to St. Xavier's College and were run by them in the name of Mr. Abdulla Fazalbhoy, thereby giving permanence to the memorial. The merits of the proposal were too obvious to call for long negotiations and the transfer was decided upon the very next day. It must be recorded here, in passing, that ever since the day of the transfer, the Fazalbhoys have been watching the progress of the institution with benevolent interest and have been helping whenever they could.

The late Mr. Abdulla Fazalbhoy, B.A., LL.B., J.P., in whose memory the Abdulla Fazalbhoy Institute was donated by his sons.

And exactly a week after the opening ceremony, the classes commenced in the new premises of the Institute in St. Xavier's College.

AN EDUCATIONAL SHOW SERVICE

The first session started with 100 students and it can be confessed now that the task of completing the course of instructions for them according to schedule provided the staff members with a first class nightmare of work. But Fr. Palacios was always there in the background, helping where he could, giving courage and inspiration to the staff when the situation looked particularly depressing, and generous praise to ease out tension, when tempers began to pray and nerves got on edge, in these and a thousand other ways providing that faith and boundless enthusiasm which were so sorely needed to carry through the first term. It is also pleasant to record that it was a complete success.

But Father Palacios was already looking ahead and planning the opening of the Cinema Department with a course of instructions in Cinema Projection. As usual, he would not be stopped by objections or difficulties, and the course was opened in January 1938. As soon as the new installation was tried out and found satisfactory, an "Educational Films" Scheme was launched, by which regular shows of selected feature films of outstanding merit were shown to the High Schools of Bombay; these shows are run and managed by student operators under the supervision of the instructor. Since last year this department has also been running a weekly Educational Film Show for the High School at Bandra and one for College Students here. Under these schemes over 130 full-length feature films have been shown up-to-date and they can now be said

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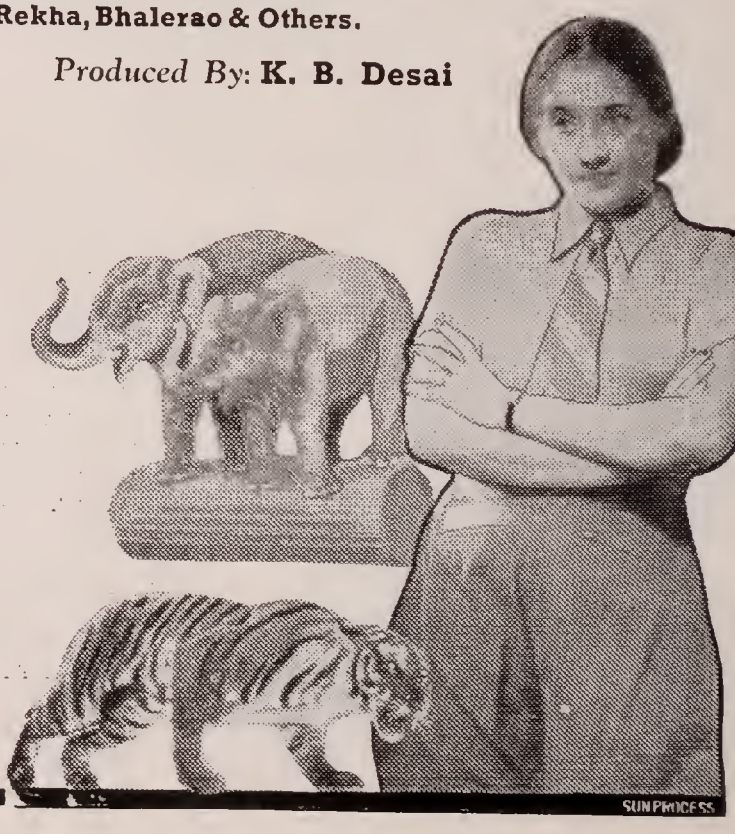

to have reached stability after passing through early vicissitudes. The number of students rose during this session to 127.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

A training course in Wireless Telegraphy was opened in July 1938; this brought a new set of students, new imposing apparatus, and a new professional outlook to the Institute; it also brought a new worker, Mr. W. E. Wakefield, a veteran with service in the Army, the Navy, with Reuters and with the Posts and Telegraphs.

The Institute was gaining all-India reputation by this time due to an adroit publicity campaign as well as to the uniqueness of its genuine pioneering effort for the youngest of industries in India: Radio and Cinema. The total number of students enrolled this session was 243.

PHOTO AND SOUND

The Photography Department came next, in January 1939, with a course of training in Still Photography with 161 students on the rolls this term.

In January 1939 the Sound Recording Course and the Post-Graduate Course in Radio Engineering with durations of 2 years each were added to the growing list. This event was in a sense remarkable. because for these courses the anticipated expenditure on apparatus was very heavy and the expected number of candidates relatively few, so that the courses could not be expected to pay for themselves within any short period of time. Nevertheless, the total number of students this term was 239.

ELECTRICAL TECHNOLOGY DEPARTMENT

Half-way through this term the present war broke out in Europe, the resources of the Institute were at once placed at the disposal of the Government and the offer was very graciously accepted by H. E. the Governor of Bombay in a personal letter to Fr. Palacios. The war brought on new responsibilities, it also brought a reorientation of the policy of development. Fr. Palacios wisely decided to push ahead with the opening of the Electrical and Mechanical Technology Departments and to begin courses of training in Electrical Wiring and Ground Engineering, which anticipated war-time needs and could possibly be made use of in the War Effort schemes.

Rev. Father G. Palacios S.J., Principal of the St. Xavier's College. But for whose enterprise the Abdulla Fazalbhoy Institute would not have been affiliated with a first class Educational Institution like the St. Xavier's College.

Mr. A. G. Bhate, the Technical Director of the Abdulla Fazalbhoy Institute, under whose jealous care the Institute has fast progressed to become the first of its kind in India.

Hence the Electrical Technology Department was opened next in January 1940, with the Electrical Wiring Course; this was meant primarily as an auxiliary course and soon after its commencement it was made compulsory for candidates of the Radio Service, the Sound Recording, the Wireless Telegraphy and the Projectionist Courses, boys whose education had not gone beyond or even upto Matriculation. For these it has proved to be of great value.

In July 1940 the Cine-Photography Course was added to the Cinema Department and the Mechanical Technology Section was opened with a course of training in Ground Engineering.

The Radio Engineering Course now came into its own with a special laboratory equipped with high precision instruments imported from the United States, just as the students got ready to begin working independently. This was the beginning of an Engineering Advice Department, where a central organization of technical help will be built up for the radio and cinema industries as a whole. There were 175 students on the rolls for this session.

THE ALL-INDIA INSTITUTE

The Abdulla Fazalbhoy Technical Institute has become an all-India institution as is evidenced by the fact that students joining it come not only from all Provinces of India and all the Indian States but

(*Contd. on page 72*)

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★ Pictures In Making

PRABHAT FILM CO. (Poona)

"Sant Sakhu" was released in Bombay at the Central Cinema to a huge crowd of spectators The picture was very much appreciated particularly for its devotional appeal and it is expected to run a long time in Bombay.

At the studios settings are getting ready for the next biographical picture of "Kalidas".

PANCHOLI ART PRODUCTIONS (Lahore)

"Khazanchi" is still storming the box-offices in Bombay and at all other towns wherever it is released. This picture threatens to collect a record amount at the box-offices all over the country.

"Chowdhary" a Punjabi picture of Pancholi was released at Lahore and was well received. The studio is busy shooting "Khan-Daan" a social story in Hindi.

PRAKASH PICTURES

"Darshan" a social story featuring Jyoti and Prem Adib is scheduled for release at the Lamington Cinema in Bombay after the present picture runs out.

At the studio, they are busy shooting "Bharat Milap" with Shobhana Samarth in the lead in two languages, Hindi and Marathi.

BOMBAY TALKIES

The long awaited social picture of Bombay Talkies, "Anjan" starring Devika Rani and Ashok Kumar was released on the 27th September to a large crowd of people.

At the studios they are shooting "Jhoola" a social story featuring Leela Chitnis.

NATIONAL STUDIOS

Still a new picture has been added to the big list of productions in the studio. It is called "Lalaji" and is directed by Messrs. Lalit Chandra and Chimankant. Other pictures, either ready or under production, are "Kasauti", "Nirdosh". "Nai Roshni", "Garib", "Vijay" and "Roti". The last one features the inimitable Chandra Mohan and is directed by Mr. Mehboob.

SHALIMAR PICTURES

Director W. Z. Ahmed has gone into shooting of his maiden picture "Ek Raat" featuring Neena and Prithviraj. This picture is destined to be a huge success, seeing the way Mr. Ahmed is going about its production. The second picture which will go into shooting, immediately after the first is completed, is called "Man-ki-Jeet".

FAZLI BROS. (Calcutta)

"Masoom", the maiden production of this Company featuring Mazhar Khan, Romola, Mehtab and Anis Khatoon is now receiving the final touches from director Hasnain and is likely to be on the screen sometime in the month of November. In the future production programme we find some interesting names 'Purdah', 'Sohrab and Rustom' and 'Chowranghee". The last one will be directed by Mr. Fazli.

RANJIT FILM CO.

"Shadi" is still drawing well at the Royal Opera House and is likely to go through the Diwali holidays. "Sasural" the social comedy which was released in the North, is scheduled to be released in Bombay after "Shadi".

Other pictures under production are "Beti" by Jayant Desai, "Dhan-

(Continued on page 72)

Miss K. Thavamani Devi in the title role of "Vana Mohini" a Tamil picture.

In "Dhardhora", Ranjit picture, Charlie gets into a fix a hundred times and luckily enough gets out every time.

Her Eyes Were His Mirror

in which

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"RED SIGNAL"

STORY: **ASPI**

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Zabak Meets The Mystery Girl !

Neena Reminds of Moonlight and Roses!

Tender And Soft With Baby Eyes!

There's certainly something to be said for a college education. Send a girl to college and she doesn't waste her time day dreaming about films. Oh no! She jumps right up and does something about it.

And pretty Neena has jumped alright to land straight into the movies. The first I heard of this college girl gate-crashing into the films was when "filmindia" announced that Mr. W. Z. Ahmed had signed up an absolutely raw girl to star in his maiden picture to be made under the banner of the newly floated Shalimar Pictures.

Now raw girls are something rare in this industry and have a certain fascination about them which is about equal to the suspense with which one opens strange parcels. That is why I found myself one afternoon sitting opposite this mystery packet and coaxing her to tell me what prompted her to crash into this sanctuary of grease paint and make-believe.

Kishore Sahu returns to his old battlefield once again as the hero and director of "Kunwara Baap" (Bachelor Father) on the Great India production schedule.

But, if I thought that the girl would receive me with open arms (that is speaking figuratively, of course) I was in for a rude awakening. And the awakening came within two minutes of my arrival when I heard a female voice asking the ayah to tell me that she was not at home.

To say I was surprised is to say the least. The words almost stunned me. Half-a-dozen sand bags landing on the back of my head could not have left me more befogged than the sound of that voice trying to work out a dodge, which I had hitherto believed to be the sole monopoly of hardup journalists to be used when a tailor or shoemaker called.

STICKING IT, OH BOY

It took me less than a minute to make up my mind. I was more than determined now to meet this girl. Moreover, her voice had intrigued me and the soft aroma of the delicate perfume that floated to my nostrils from her room had something irresistible about it which I felt no mortal could resist. Being deeply mortal, therefore, I sank into the inviting depths of the divan, and with a resoluteness that could have put the most leechlike bill collector to shame I told the alarmed ayah that I would wait for the return of her mistress.

"But, I don't know what time she will return ", the ayah pleaded.

"Oh! That's quite alright," I replied pulling out my pipe. "I'm in no particular hurry. In fact, I'm perfectly free till tomorrow morning."

The poor ayah was completely confused by now. Alarm had given place to panic. Panic in turn was giving place to hysteria, when suddenly the telephone bell rang and saved the situation.

For a second we both eyed the phone. Then we both made a simultaneous dash for it. Being nearer

Neena, the mystery woman of "Ek Raat" a Shalimar picture.

I was the first to reach it. I had won the first round. It was an urgent call from the studio. The ayah with a look that could have impaled twenty bill collectors hurriedly went to summon her mistress. With a deep sigh of satisfaction I sank into the divan and offered a silent prayer of thanks to the ghost of Edison. However, I did not have much time to completely thank the spirit of the departed Edison for the very next minute Neena herself came in.

WITH BIG BABY EYES

No. That is wrong. She did not just "come in". She entered the room like a tropical hurricane travelling at the rate of umpteen miles per hour. Her face was livid with rage. Her big baby eyes were like twin pieces of live coal. Her long, pointed fingers were twitching menacingly, and I felt then (and I think I am not far wrong now) that they were itching to get at my throat. In her wake followed the ayah with a rather ugly looking mosquito curtain pole firmly clenched in her hand. I felt a bit uncomfortable.

"You just wait!" Neena threatened as she sped past me to the phone.

For a few minutes she remained at the phone carrying on a conversation in low tones. Then banging

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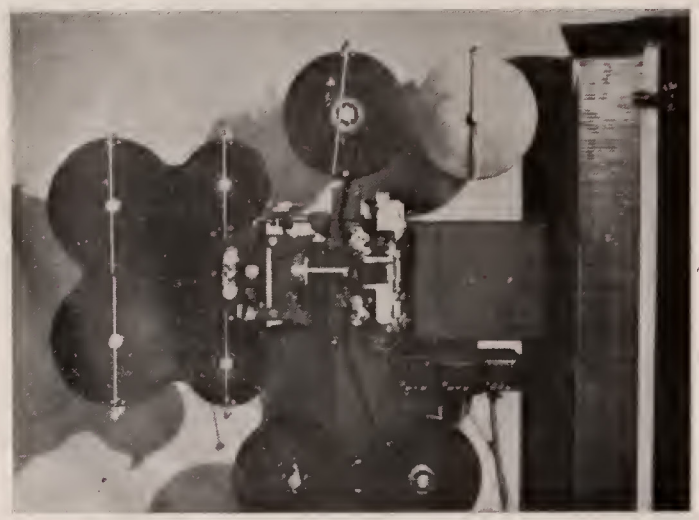

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the receiver down she turned her full attention towards me.

Actually I should have quailed beneath that fiery glance. But, shameless me, I just sat and stared back. I could do nothing else. She was like her perfume. Tender and soft. Irresistible beyond compare. Tantalizingly beautiful, with a certain something in her queenly grace that reminded me strongly of moonlight and roses.

"Well", she exclaimed, "You seem to be a very perverse fellow. Didn't my ayah tell you that I was not at home?"

"Yes, she did." I mumbled, trying to take my eyes off her enchanting face. "But, you see, you were in and I thought it would not be very nice for me to go away without seeing the person who tries my own trick on me."

WANTS HER LIFE PRIVATE

For a brief instant she studied me.

She was breathing normally now. Her beautiful features relaxed as the fury in them cooled down. Her eyes softened. A faint smile made a beginning on her lips....then suddenly she burst out into a laughter as she slid into the chesterfield opposite me.

"Well you are the limit". She laughed. "Now that you've seen me. What do you want?"

"I'm a newspaper man," I answered. "I have come to interview you."

"What for?" she exclaimed.

"For my paper. I'm sure our readers and many other girls in India would like to know why you have suddenly decided to enter the movies". I explained.

"I don't know why I should give you any particulars about myself", she returned. "After all why I entered the films is my own personal business and not yours. If you think you're going to get a scoop out of me. You're in for a big disappointment."

"But," I remonstrated, "every girl who enters the show business always tells the press everything they want to know. It is the usual custom. You must tell me something about yourself at least."

"Why Should I"?, she replied menacingly. "I have nothing to say. I am in the movies because I want to be. Isn't that reason enough. Now please go. I want to be left in peace. I want to be alone. I don't want any ballyhoo and fuss made about me. My private life is my own and I intend to keep it private and to myself."

GANGSTER JOURNALIST AT BAY

The girl was mystifying me more and more. In fact she had got me completely baffled. A tall, slender, chit of a girl (she can hardly be more than twenty); there she sat in front of me warding off my questions with a coolness I could not help admiring. For fifteen minutes I tried my best to get her to speak, to give me a line....but all in vain. I begged. I fumed. I even threatened. But she sat like a rock throughout. Giving me no information whatsoever. Flatly refusing to reveal her identity and absolutely deriding all my efforts to probe the mystery that surrounded her very gait and appearance.

I was getting a head-ache. Anybody placed in a similar position is liable to get a head-ache. In sheer desperation I got up.

"So you won't talk. Eh!", I fumed reaching for my hat.

"Are you a journalist or a gangster?", she asked with a quizzical smile that played on her lips. "Why do you speak Chicago?"

"You make me wish I was," I put in while trying my best to curb the anger rising within me. "But, young lady, don't you think you have got rid of me finally. One day I shall find out everything and break that spell of mystery that cloaks you".

"Neena smiled. A full well-formed smile before she replied:

"You are perfectly welcome to try. Till then *au revoir* young man."

There was a distinct trace of mockery in that smile. I can swear my life on it....but there is one thing more that I can swear—I will one day tell you the secret of Neena, which she is so jealously guarding to-day.

Till then goodbye Neena. I forgive you for the head-ache you gave me. But you are lovely and that is enough for me.

(Con. from page 43)

Indian culture be brought to the notice of the world through the medium of the cinema? India was 'something' once and will be 'something' again. I feel very strongly for my country. When I return from Hollywood I would like to start a caravan theatre company and tour the villages.

"Through my plays I will let people see what life is like and what it should be like. I do not believe in preaching. My plays I hope will guide the people better than any preaching could. I pray that I may harness my art to the betterment of humanity."

You will see that Prithi has something of the poet and something of the philosopher in him; but you will want to know more of his home life. He is devoted to his wife and family. His eldest son has just won the Cama Memorial Cup for elocution. This boy, as a child, has acted with his father in a stage play called "The Toy Cart", but he has not yet decided whether he wants to be an actor, a director or an engine driver!

Prithi plays tennis, hockey and football and you may, if you happen to be there at the right time, see him wielding a tennis racquet at the Hindu Gymkhana at Matunga.

He is also learning to play the sitar "so that he can entertain people in Hollywood if he goes there." He reads American film magazines from cover to cover so that the people in Hollywood will not seem like strangers when he meets them.

"THE COURT DANCER"

If "The Court Dancer" is sent abroad for foreign distribution and acclaimed by Hollywood I see no reason why its star Prithviraj should not very soon realise his dream and make films in Hollywood.

Carmen Miranda is known as Brazil's unofficial ambassadress to America.

Prithviraj would make a very distinguished unofficial Indian ambassador to America.

Don't you agree with me?

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INDIA'S FIRST JUNGLE PICTURE IN TAMIL

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MISS TAVAMANI — Mr. COCO — Mr. AMBI AND CHUNDRU — THE ELEPHANT

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OUR REVIEW

Leela Chitnis Bitterly Disappoints!

"Kanchan" Fails To Satisfy

Music And Dance Conspire To Bore!

Everyone was looking forward to this picture with a little more than personal pride, because Leela Chitnis, our favourite star, was producing "Kanchan" as her very own picture. Her ambition to do so has always been considered praiseworthy, more so because she wrote the story and herself did all the spade work of production.

But the result has been far from satisfactory. At least in the matter of the screen story, we expected something unusual and intelligent from an educated and talented person like Leela. But after seeing what has been presented on the screen, our friendly advice to the lady is to stop writing any more screen stories in future. Leela seems to lack imagination rather woefully and her sense of drama is devastatingly amateurish.

The screen plot of "Kanchan", because it is poor in incidents, has become a patchwork job with poorly sung songs and badly executed dances.

If this picture had come immediately after Minerva's "Jailor", that is about three years back, it would have become a roaring success. But after Leela's triumphant success in "Tulsidas", "Kangan" and "Bandhan", "Kanchan" looks a poor abortive effort.

HER SINGING EFFORT

One wonders how at all Leela could have come to the conclusion that she could sing so well as to take over seven songs out of the total of eleven. Her attempt to do so looks presumptuous in the light of her actual execution of these songs. As a matter of fact these very songs have supplied an awful drag to the picture making it boring in the extreme at places.

Another feature of Leela's performance, that was injudiciously boosted, was her dance. We were told that she would dance her way into our hearts. What actually she has done is that she has danced her way out of our hearts where Ranjit and Bombay Talkies had put her with "Tulsidas" and "Bandhan".

TOO POOR A STORY

Coming to the story proper, it is an age-old affair without even the pretence of a re-hash. A tailor has two daughters, Kanchan and Kumud. Kanchan is supposed to be the younger one, though on the screen Kumud looks the younger. Both the girls are in love with a boy named Kishore, an impoverished, educated young man.

Actually Kishore reciprocates Kanchan's feelings and spurns the other one. The other one subsequently plots very poorly when Kishore has to leave for a city job.

A capitalist in the role of Zamindar is now introduced and he is moreover given a devil of a manager with a vindictive outlook on life.

This manager, for a very paltry reason, manages to burn down the huts of the farmers thereby providing a chance to the hero to show his chivalry and courage. Incidentally, the fire also manages to get the old father of Kanchan and Kumud into a monetary fix and thus brings him under the control of the Zamindar.

Now the story takes the shape or a problem in which the old tailor has either to give one of his daughters to the old Zamindar in marriage, or allow his small belongings to be attached in lieu of his debt.

Kumud refuses to act as a pawn in the game, but very rightly Kanchan agrees to do so sacrificing her love for Kishore.

Things are made ready for the wedding when Kishore's mother, who it seems knew the Zamindar in her own youthful days and had loved him, gives a little conscience talk to the Zamindar. The Zamindar suddenly becomes a better man and withdrawing himself as a bridegroom acts the sugar daddy to get Kanchan married to Kishore.

HEROINE PLUGGING

With this poor story, Leela Chitnis launched her production and we are afraid no director could have made more of it than Mr. Manibhai Vyas, seeing that he had to plug on the heroine for every third shot.

It seems that whatever little stuff there was in the story had to be dis-

Sholapur's most popular theatre, "Chitra Talkies", owned by the Deccan Theatres, is fitted up with Lansing, the living sound.

SHABASH---

—TO THE PUNJAB FOR MAKING A BRILLIANT BEGINNING IN FILM PRODUCTION WITH "KHAZANCHI"

—TO DALSUKH PANCHOLI FOR GIVING A BRILLIANT LEAD TO THE PUNJAB WITH "KHAZANCHI"

—TO BOMBAY FOR RECOGNISING REAL MERIT

OF

"KHAZANCHI"

A **DALSUKH PANCHOLI** PRODUCTION

DIRECTED BY
MOTI B. GIDWANI

STARRING **RAMOLA, ISMAIL, MANORAMA, NARANG &** **9** **SWEET SONGS** —

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SUDARSHAN PICTURES' SOCIAL DRAMA!

SAJJAN

DIRECTION:
Sjt. Dwarka Khosla

Starring:

- **Jagdish Sethi**
- **Husn Bano**
- **Satish**
- **David**
- **Urmila**
- **Gope**
- **Agha etc.**

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BOMBAY — 14

Does Devika pull him up in "Anjan", Bombay Talkies picture?

sipated on giving the heroine as many scenes as possible and thereby weakening the actual plot of the story.

The dance sequences in the story are entirely unnecessary and do not at all help the plot to move forward And so is the setting of the dance unreal and phantastic.

A SICKLY LEELA

The photography is not up to the mark and too poor in case of Leela Chitnis who had so far received the best camera help in "Tulsidas" "Kangan", and "Bandhan". Besides Leela's lipstick was a bit too light thereby giving her a sickly appearance at many places.

The sound is far from satisfactory and takes the kick out of many songs.

MUJUMDAR'S TRIUMPH

The best performance in the picture is given by Mr. Nagendra Mujumdar as the old tailor. In a beautifully portrayed character role, he carries everything before him with his utter sincerity and makes the others look like a crowd of amateurs

Pramilla gives a shade better performance than Leela seeing that she has an unsympathetic role. Aroon as "Kishore" can hardly be called a screen actor from what we saw of him in "Kanchan" He is clumsy most of the time and his gait is hardly suitable for a hero. He seems to have been taken for his slender figure and long nose. And that is hardly enough equipment for a hero

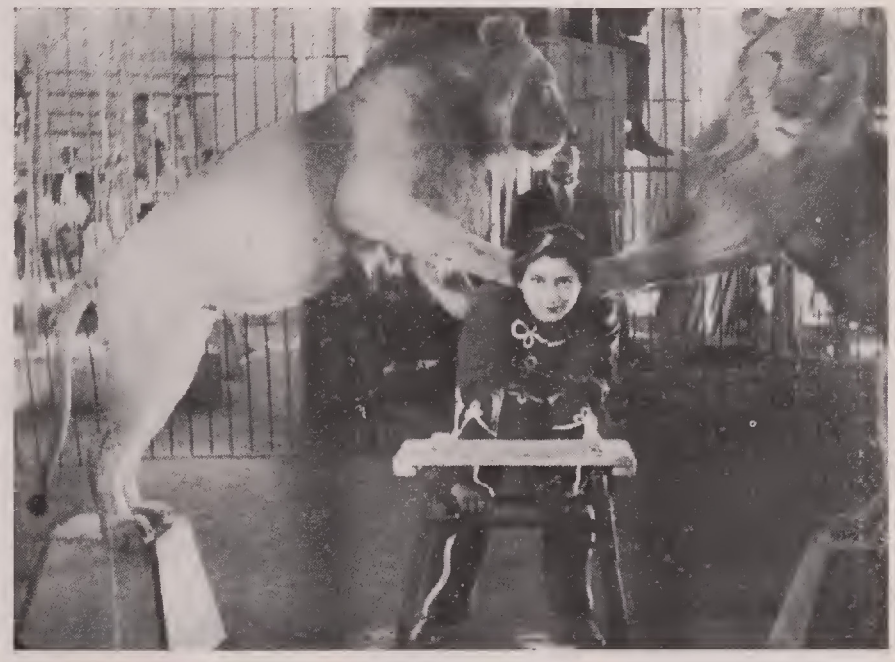
MUBARAK'S NOTHING

Vimla Vashishta as the mother of Kanchan gives some exhibition of how badly Hindi can be spoken. This woman can not be put in a Hindi picture. She poisons the entire language of a picture and makes it sound hoodoo stuff.

Mubarak has nothing to do as the Zamindar and does nothing, thus faithfully portraying his part. His porcupine moustache pays a poor compliment to his making-up abilities.

In fine, our sincere advice to Leela Chitnis is to stop future personal production and stick to her stardom with other producers. Thereby, she will stand to gain a lot more.

As a picture for entertainment "Kanchan" is a bitter disappointment and yet we wish our readers would see it to give Leela a hand.



That is something for guts. Moti between two lions in "Circus Queen" a Paramount picture.

ANN SHERIDAN—

Hollywood's very own 'OOMPH' stuff will be soon seen in Warner's forthcoming musical "NAVY BLUES". And seeing what we see the navies are sure going blue.

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Pandit Indra Attacks Ahmed Abbas

Says Ingratitude Is Inexcusable

By: Pandit Indra

(Pandit Indra is one of our leading writers of the screen. He has been in addition a close friend of Mr. Ahmed Abbas for years. This article must therefore be considered in a spirit of friendly banter—The Editor.)

Five years ago, in an obscure corner of the town, in one of the drab chawls near Victoria Gardens, there lived an unknown, unsung unheralded little man, Ahmed Abbas, a hard-working journalist, in the employment of "Bombay Chronicle', who kept his existence buried in the columns of the daily which have always been a grave of the unknown writer. He never knew that there was any life beyond his paper and ink, and to whom the film world and fame were a closed book. He was just a simple little struggling journalist.

And then that Shakespearean tide, which interferes in the affairs of men took him at its flood, led him on to fortune, and the little bird fluttered up to perch itself on top of an elephant's head, from where it saw a new wide world, with a vast horizon, great possibilities and its Kaleidoscopic attractions.

In this new world he met Baburao Patel—that elephant-man and king-maker whose pen is mightier than the longest purse in filmdom. And it was but natural that like Johnson to Boswell, and the Lion to the Mouse, big Baburao took to the little Abbas, waved his magic wand over him and heigh, next morning little Abbas awoke and found himself famous. The film industry which had been a closed world to him opened up its gates wide open and Abbas became a film personality—and such a one that he almost married a film-star, but fortunately the star was saved from the torture by her good fortune or sagacity or knowledge of human nature—God knows what. Thank Heaven, the corner was rounded.

LOVE ME—LOVE MY DOG

Our little Abbas has now become a big journalist—attached to 'Bombay Chronicle' and 'filmindia', a smart young man sartorially perfect, suave, living in a sumptuous flat and riding in Baburao's Fiat.

Gone were those days when the unknown Aligarh boy struggled for rupees and counted his pennies. When the small room had to be shared with two more room-mates to maintain respectable appearances with the landlord. When the tailor had to be paid in instalments and economy in cloth purchase had to be synchronised with national simplicity and swadeshi.

Ahmed Abbas could now afford to buy a swell radio and what more be generous enough to give it away in a month's time to satisfy a heart's craving.

The first film congress was organised in Bombay. Satyamurti presided, the Governor inaugurated it K. M. Munshi spoke, Sardar Chandulal Shah spent money, Baburao enjoyed the fun because it was of his own making, and Ahmed Abbas became famous. He made a speech in the Journalists' Conference over which Baburao Patel presided. The big boy smiled approval and the audience cheered Ahmed Abbas.

"Love me—love my dog" said a damsel to her wooers and likewise all the friends of Baburao, started tolerating Baburao's "Bachhu" as Abbas was affectionately called, respecting him and flattering him too because Baburao wished it so.

In Mahabharat to kill Bhishma, Arjun kept himself behind and Shikhandi in the forefront, because Bhishma would not fight with the latter as he was a woman once and it is so written that Shikhandi killed Bhishma though they were Arjun's shafts that rained from behind Shikhandi.

Pandit Indra

Likewise Baburao kept behind the scenes and Ahmed Abbas soared to the limelight heights. They went to the parties at Ranjit Studios and flirted with Sardar Chandulal Shah, close up Ahmed Abbas.

The Ranjit Studio where many a journalist has left behind his ambition in the hope of at least seeing Sardar Chandulal, leave aside talking to him, soon turned itself into a pleasant pasture for parking the midget-model Abbas. The towering old Sardar embraced openly the shivering little Abbas and looked up to Baburao Patel for approval. Baburao smiled. And there was peace and sunshine between the producers and the journalists.

They went to Prabhatnagar, Poona, stayed and dined and ragged Shantaram, the Great and once again the Big Boy pushed the little one into the limelight. People saw him everywhere in studios, in papers, on phones and in cars with Baburao Patel and all thought Abbas was the brighter side of Baburao Patel. Baburao Patel kicked the peak still higher up for Ahmed Abbas and called him a "Little God Amongst Men."

At that time even Baburao couldn't imagine that instead of shaping a "little god" he was nursing a viper in his breast who was eager to bury its poisonous fangs

into the hand that shaped him and helped him.

And then the crest of the wave, lifted him up and deposited him right into his master's chair and how. Baburao was going on a foreign tour, his greatest worry was 'filmindia'. He had built up a unique standard and clientele. Who will carry on the good work, as ably, smartly and humorously as he himself had been doing, and so right earnestly he took up Abbas and knocked and tapped him into shape as regards the policy, the style and the *modus operandi* of the journal—and then he went on his European-cum-American tour for five full months. While Baburao was touring Utopia (to the rest of us), Abbas, shy and overburdened, sat on Baburao's throne and we all managed for Baburao's sake to keep him there.

REALLY A SHREWD GUY

Baburao returned. He brought with him many useful things and some girls' photographs, and some American opinions that he was a Million Dollar personality. I can't understand why Baburao didn't protest. He always shows a bit of careless dislike for filthy lucre.

Anyhow Baburao came and Abbas had to get up from the chair and stand by its side, and it was then that he perceived the value of that chair and the beaconlight of 'filmindia' that illuminates the personality occupying that chair, and something went wrong in his inside. But he is a clever guy, too shrewd to show that he coveted his benefactor's crown. He stuck more closely to Baburao, realizing that the Big Boy had now become a Bigger Boy after his world tour and it would be more paying to remain a retainer still. The Big Boy though sharp and clever has scanty suspicion in his constitution. To him Abbas was still the younger brother.

Prabhat studios wanted to make "Omar Khayyam." Baburao wrote the story. Shantaram liked it and asked Baburao to elaborate it. Baburao probably took clerical help from his "Bachhu", sent him to Poona to run little errands on his behalf, awarded him half his fame by the caption "Shantaram's 'Omar Khayyam'"—Story By: Baburao Patel and Ahmed Abbas". While at Poona "Bachhu" is reported to have attempted to worm himself into the good graces of Shantaram by belittling Devki Bose in converse with him, but was rightly snubbed by the great director.

IDEALIST BECOMES SALESMAN

Abbas now became a clever salesman. He had got the push, he had wanted all his life. The "Chronicle" on Sundays and week days did not fail to record the fact that Ahmed Abbas was writing a story for the great Shantaram.

Kardar, Mehboob, Mukherjee all became aware of the event one by one. Baburao Patel was unapproachable. He never cared for money. He wrote for sentiment. The next best was Ahmed Abbas. And very soon "Naya Sansar" came on the anvil.

Gone were those days when with a dry nose Abbas found himself broke and often picked up Rs. 30|- on an article from 'filmindia', confident that with polish and the preening at Baburao's expert hands his articles would still be outstanding.

And now Ahmed Abbas sold articles, thoughts, stories and strangely enough probably sold his principles of which he once made such a fetish.

When Baburao Patel praised Kardar's "Puja", Ahmed Abbas did not make a secret of his ridicule for the picture. And yet with characteristic manoeuvring he managed to sell a story to Kardar. Yes, Ahmed Abbas became a successful businessman—a very successful one seeing that he will get Rs. 2000/- for Kardar's "Nai Duniya," after receiving only Rs. 750/- for "Naya Sansar". And the memory of the thirty-rupee-pickings is still fresh in every memory.

Of all people, Baburao Patel has made into men, Ahmed Abbas ought to be the most grateful.

SPORTSMANSHIP OF BABURAO

Can anyone imagine, a human being once obscure and starving as Ahmed Abbas was and put on a pedestal of fame and plenty, a human being—the image of his maker—could be so ungrateful, so foul as to bite the hand that had led him and placed him on the pedestal of fame and fortune?

And yet it is what Ahmed Abbas did or tried to do to Baburao.

Imagine 'filmindia' charging Rs. 150/- for a full page advertisement, giving free pages month after month to Ahmed Abbas to skyrocket him to fame and paying him to boot, and imagine the same Ahmed Abbas trying to sting his patron through the selfsame pages of 'filmindia'. What would you call a man like that?

Recently Abbas has written a paid-for article in 'filmindia' in which he writes that though 'filmindia' is the only journal worth reading, it preaches immoral ideals, exciting its readers whose mental age, he says, is not above 12 years. The whole article is so poisonous that one can't believe it could have been written by Ahmed Abbas, a friend and protege of Baburao Patel and who is what he is because of 'filmindia'. I really appreciate and applaud Baburao's frank and bold sportmanship, by accepting, printing and paying for this dirty, damaging article. It is hardly necessary for me to comment on this article, as one Mr. Bashyam, a reader has very ably done so already in a recent issue of 'filmindia' and it clearly shows what the readers of the famous journal think of Ahmed Abbas.

As I said before, I am not writing this to discuss the ethics of his article, but am doing it to convey to the film world how far selfish and covetous human ingratitude can go as to convert a godly creation like a human being to a crawling, disgustible worm.

THE STORY OF THE PET MOUSE

Abbas says, 'filmindia' prints tricoloured photos of females to excite the romantic fancies of its readers, but while saying this, he forgets that those are only the dumb prints of those film artistes, whose colourful personalities are ever sing-

ing, dancing on the lively screen daily before those selfsame readers of 'filmindia'. If according to Ahmed Abbas their still photos excite the readers so much, how much harm the original of those photos must be doing to Mr. Abbas's chaste ideals and 'filmindia's' readers, by animatedly and enchantingly singing and dancing before them on the screen for full fourteen thousand feet and two-and-a-half hours? I ask Mr. Abbas, must those films be burnt, the artistes destroyed and film producers sent to jail for their life time?

Let Abbas save his breath. The morals of 'filmindia' readers are safe in the hands of its able captain. In spite of Abbas and others like him, the sale of 'filmindia' is soaring up every month and has already reached a colossal figure, the principles and policy of 'filmindia' have done a great lot of good to the industry. 'filmindia' is always in the forefront for every fight for the industry with its mighty fists clenched to fight foreign producers and even the all-powerful Government and with everyone who comes in between the industry and its progress. What is Mr. Abbas driving at—ask and it shall be given—avoid subterfuge and evil-mindedness. Crying over evils that don't exist? It will not pay Mr. Abbas now that he is fully exposed. Why pose still and at all?

I hope Mr. Abbas will take this in its proper spirit, and finally I cannot conclude without telling him a small story out of "Hitopadesha", a book of Hindu wisdom.

A Rishi (a saint) had a pet mouse. It was afraid of the cat, so the Rishi transformed him into a cat at its request. When a cat it was afraid of the dog, so the Rishi made him a dog and so on the Rishi transformed him into a wolf and then a lion, and when it became a lion the mouse forgot the obligations of the Rishi and wanted to eat him. So the Rishi transformed him into a mouse again. It will pay Mr. Abbas to remember this story and I sincerely hope he will profit by it.

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The Nation In A Cradle Of Celluloid!

A Dream That Should Come True Soon!

By: **K. A. ABBAS**

In Imagination Talkies I saw an Indian picture last evening. Indeed, it is wrong to call it a picture, it was a complete programme—three 'shorts' and one feature film of 10,000 feet.

I rather enjoyed it and so I want to tell you all about it.

The show began with a one-reeler musical comedy featuring Noor Mohamed (once upon a time known as Charlie of Ranjit). It was a rib-tickling affair and one could not but laugh at the way Noor Mohamed imitated and burlesqued and lampooned an *Ustad* singing a classical song. It was a scream, a wow!

This was followed by a news-reel which, indeed, had elements of "The March Of Time" incorporated in it. For instance, most part of the footage was taken up by various shorts of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru—Nehru presiding over the Congress at Lahore, Nehru following his father's funeral, Nehru boarding a 'plane to go to Europe, Nehru in Switzerland. Nehru in Spain with General Lister. Nehru in China with Chiang Kai Shek, etc. This filmic biography of Pandit Nehru proved very popular and topical in view of his birthday anniversary that falls this month. Other scenes in the news-reel depicted the Indian soldiers in Malaya, the Poona races, the Football League finals in Calcutta and the Gokulashtmi festival in Bombay.

The third 'short' was devoted to modern methods of agriculture. It showed, how, using his old-fashioned plough, the Indian cultivator was getting hardly a pittance out of his land and then contrasted it with the better and richer life that can be his if he adopted more scientific ways of tilling the soil. Being city-bred, I could not follow all that the commentator said about manures and harvest seasons and I am afraid this short left many in the audience rather cold. But I liked the pictorial shots of abundant harvest, reaping and winnowing and I am sure in the villages this picture will be immensely popular.

The feature film, "*Toote Bandhan*" proved to be interesting and progressive. The story had a grip and as there were only four songs in the picture, the flow of the screen narrative was not disturbed. Nobody in the audience, I noticed, complained of "lack of entertainment" in it—perhaps because the Noor Mohamed musical comedy had already supplied it in sufficient measure.

F.A.B.'S ALLEGED ENTERTAINMENT

The Imagination Talkies is a figment of my imagination and the pictures I have described above have yet to be produced. The Indian film masterpieces continue to be 14,000 feet long and short films are merely a subject on which the editor of a film journal can write about when he has exhausted all other topics.

But, before long, Imagination Talkies may become a reality and short films a regular feature of Indian cinema programmes.

Already there are straws in the wind. Within a few days of the death of India's national poet, Tagore, an enterprising concern released a short film incorporating all available footage on Tagore and combining it with shorts of the funeral procession, with a beautiful musical score and a (not so beautiful) commentary narrating the life-story of the great poet. Inspite of its obvious technical defects, this short film will remain a land-mark. It is the fore-runner of our cultural and educational films, perhaps of even an Indian version of "The March Of Time".

Meanwhile, the Film Advisory Board is releasing a number of short propaganda films every month. Now, propaganda—whether spoken or filmed—is seldom entertaining or popular and particularly when it is badly

K. A. ABBAS

filmed, one can hardly expect the people to go into raptures about it. You can't make an exciting aviation picture in a drawing-room 'set' and you can't make a thrilling film about an Indian Navy which does not exist! And you cannot expect producers who can't make a decent stunt film to make a cultural documentary and photographers who cannot do justice to studio-made 'sets' can hardly be expected to successfully film India's war-effort in factories and barracks and ship-yards.

But the objective fact remains that the Film Advisory Board, using the power and prestige of the Government, has built up a country-wide net-work of cinemas showing, for the first time, short films in Indian languages. The cinema-owners have agreed to show these 'shorts' because (1) they are free (2) the Government must be pleased, and (3) the public likes this extra bit of entertainment—even alleged entertainment as most F.A.B. films are.

In the hands of competent Indians who know their job, and under the supervision of a popularly-elected Minister who is concerned with the welfare of India and not with the Imperial interests of Britain, this very Film Advisory Board can be the nucleus of a mighty educational film organization in India. Even as it is, the F.A.B. films, poor as they are, are doing one good thing: they are slowly making the Indian cinema

audiences used to seeing short films. Once a popular demand for such 'shorts' has been created, it can be harnessed to better purpose by the producers as well as the educationists and the social reformers.

JOB FOR CONGRESS MINISTRIES

Let us, then, consider the practical possibilities of producing and releasing 'short' films of an educational character, to be shown in public cinemas along with the commercial feature films.

The first question is: who will undertake to produce these films, in view of the fact that the exhibitors are not keen on them, the average feature film being long enough to fill the entire programme time?

Firstly, I suggest, the Government should—and will—produce such films and then let the cinemas have them for free exhibition. The Film Advisory Board may have come into being as a war measure but I think it will neither close down after the war nor will the scope of its work be restricted exclusively to war propaganda. Indeed, already the F.A.B. films are tackling subjects of general interest, not directly related to the war effort,—such as "Making Money", "Here Comes A Letter" etc.

After the war, I visualize not only a cleaning up and Indianization of the F.A.B. but also an enlargement of the scope of its activities. I see a steady stream of films coming from it—films about agriculture and industry, about social hygiene and sanitation (like the superb "Birth Of A Baby" recently seen in Bombay), films showing India's many ancient monuments and modern cities, her arts and her crafts, films that will educate and inspire and thereby unite the people of India. It is not an impossible dream and can be achieved by an expenditure of about five lakhs a year which, surely, is a modest figure in the financial balance-sheet of the Government of India.

Compared to its vast educative potentialities, so cheap is the film that even the provincial Governments can set up their own film units and produce short films, in their provincial language, with particular relevance to their provincial problems. As there is more likelihood of nationalist and progressive ministries functioning in the provinces than at the centre, we have a greater scope of useful activity in this smaller field.

In the short time that they held the reins of office in the provinces, the Congress ministries were able to do a lot in the fields of education, social reform and economic welfare of the masses. Next time they return to office, let them take advantage of the cinema to carry their message of progress and reform to every citizen under their charge. Mere literacy is not enough. The mental horizon of the ignorant people has to be widened if they are to be useful citizens of a free India. Their orthodoxy and superstitions have to be battered down. They have to be convinced that infant mortality is caused not by a malignant demon but by unhygienic quack methods of delivery and that small-pox can be prevented by inoculation and not by worshipping the stone idol of *Seetla Mata*. And the film, with its direct visual appeal, is the best method of assailing this ignorance and superstition. Soviet Russia has proved it.

It is perhaps not generally known that an educational 'short' of about 1000 feet costs little more than Rs. 6,000. Surely, even the poorest province can afford to produce half a dozen short films every year for mass education.

HARNESSING COMMERCIAL FILMS

Next to the Government, I believe that educational films should be—and will be!—produced by large industrial and commercial firms whose desire for profits can be harnessed for mass education. In England, most of the educational 'documentaries' have been subsidized and produced at the instance of industrial corporations or Government departments. In India, too, if the big industrialists use their imagination, they can not only enlarge their business but also help to enlighten the masses through the medium of the film.

A few examples will clarify the point I am trying to make out.

Suppose the Tatas decided to have a film made depicting the really romantic rise of their great steel works and the really thrilling industrial activity at Jamshedpur, won't it help to acquaint our masses in villages and small towns with the great possibilities of industrialization?

A film made by Scindia Steam Navigation Company could give us the romantic past—and the tragic present—of Indian shipping; a B.E.S.T. film could teach us a lot about electricity and its manifold uses; some soap-manufacturer, while advertising his product through a film, could spread some useful knowledge about hygiene and health; railway companies can increase their revenues by showing films of the many beautiful cities served by them.

Burmah Shell Petroleum Company has already made some films which, while indirectly advertising petrol and kerosene oil, have an educative character. But unfortunately the few advertising films so far produced in India have been badly made and blatant in shouting the qualities of their wares.

Advertising, like propaganda, has got to be subtle to be successful and only the advertising films which are imaginatively made will secure results. For instance, a film in which throughout the qualities of Sunlight Soap are shouted and sung may amuse some simple people—but will it really convince them? I wonder if it would greatly push the sale of Sunlight Soap. On the other hand, suppose they made a film not about "Sunlight Soap" but "Soap" in general—its importance for health and hygiene—and emphasised the necessity of cleanliness in our homes, that would surely be a great incentive to the sale of soap—including the Sunlight brand!

I am not an expert in advertising but I have just tried to briefly indicate the possibilities of combining business with mass education and thereby getting free educational films. In a socialist state there would be no need for us to depend on industrial magnates for this purpose. But under the capitalist system we have to get things somehow. If newspapers run on advertisements, why can't the educational possibilities of the screen be developed through advertising films?

On the same lines, we can get many educational short films if some of our larger and more modern states decide to "advertise" themselves—their scenery, their ancient monuments, their industries and their crafts—through the medium of the screen. What a glorious film can be made about Kashmir! And won't it double the number of tourists and visitors? Mysore and Hyderabad can likewise make films about their scenic beauties and progressive activities in their states. Some years ago the Bombay Talkies had produced a film for Hyderabad State. What happened to it? Why doesn't someone take it out of some dark cellar where probably it is lying and send it for exhibition all over India?

DUTY OF LEADING PRODUCERS!

Hitherto we have discussed the possibilities only of such short films that will be given free for exhibition. What about the commercial producers taking up the production of short films of an educational nature—like the Pete Smith Specialities, the Passing Parade, the historical shorts and Travelogues etc., that we see along with American films.

Here we are faced with a vicious circle. The producer says there is no demand for such films from the exhibitors or the public. The exhibitor says when he can fill the whole programme time with a 14,000 feet feature film, why should he spend extra money on hiring a short film? How is this vicious circle to be broken?

It can be broken by our leading producers whose product commands respect in the **market.**

Suppose, Bombay Talkies were to tell their distributors, "Here is a Leela Chitnis-Ashok Kumar picture, 11,500 feet. Along with it we give you a short film biography of Tagore and a short one-reel comedy of V. H. Desai. The whole programme goes together. Take it or leave it." How many distributors or exhibitors will dare to say, "No". (The Bombay Talkies, I believe, were able to make quite a good bit of money on short films they had once made about Pandit Jawaharlal coming to see "Achhut Kanya", and the Subhas Bose procession in Bombay. The exhibitors could not refuse these films because they came from Bombay Talkies.)

Again, suppose, Prabhat announced that with Shantaram's next picture will go a short film on the life of Tilak, can a distributor refuse it?

I can understand the small producer being hesitant about experiments. But surely not the producers of "Bandhan" and "Tukaram", who have made plenty of money and can—and should—try to give a lead by cutting down the length of their films and introducing educational short films along with them.

I am an optimist and, therefore, do not believe the vision about Imagination Talkies is impossible of fulfilment. Indeed, I have a hunch it will come true—much sooner than even I can dare to expect.

(In a subsequent issue, I will conclude this series with an article on the possibilities of the sub-standard School Film).

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ROUND THE TOWN WITH ZABAK

British Soldiers Manhandle Indian Producer—British National Anthem At Wrong Places—The Chit Chat Club Exhibits—Madame X—Use of Squash Courts—The Withered Blonde.

By: ZABAK

Bombay's Most Popular Newspaper Columnist.

We are supposed to be fighting for Democracy. For the cause of civilization (although India's civilization died with the advent of the Britisher). For the protection of "our" homes and hearth (which were invaded and destroyed 150 years ago). In fact, we are reported to be fighting for everything that is good and right. At least, that is what we are told when we are asked and sometimes ordered to loosen our purse strings and subscribe liberally towards the various war funds that seem to be multiplying at an amazing rate every day.

Money is, of course, necessary to win the war. We have got to win the war....that is the main objective in front of us....and that should be our main purpose.

* * *

England cannot deny that India is not helping her in every possible way. Men! Munitions! Money! We have not stinted them anything in spite of the fact that the Indian National Congress and the Muslim League, the two premier political parties of India, have adopted a "no-help" attitude. On the other hand if one were to look at things in their correct shape it would be discovered that we have given and are still giving Britain more help this time than we did during 1914-18. But in spite of all this what surprises me the most is to know that the Englishman in India still considers himself to be the *burra sahib* he used to be 25 years ago, when the myth of the White-man's superiority was to a certain extent believed.

This is more to be regretted than lamented as it is bound to make one wonder whether all the tall talk of Democracy, Civilization and Culture is but a mere time-serving sermon to suit an awkward occasion.

PROOF OF DEMOCRACY

As a catch-word the word "Democracy" is the work of a genius. As a begging-slogan it is invaluable. But, take it how one may, in its essence in India it is as dead as fifteen door nails....that is if fifteen door nails can be more dead than one.

I had a living proof of this the other day at a leading hotel in Bombay when a prominent Indian film producer suddenly became the target of attack of an unruly gang of English service-men when he failed to stand up whilst the British National Anthem was being played. However, this is definitely not the first occasion when a Britisher has attacked an Indian for not getting up to the tune.

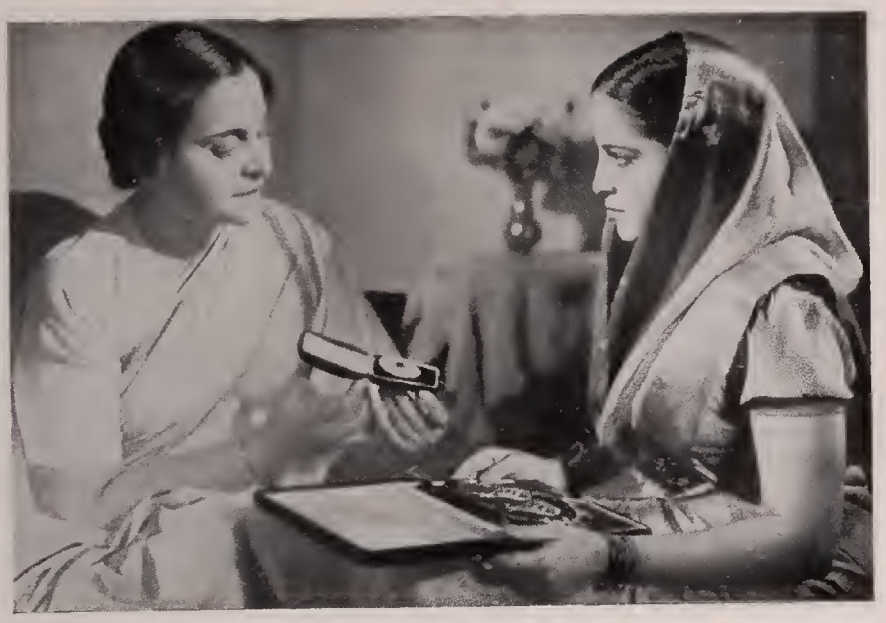
The question of this National Anthem is one that has for long been rankling in the minds of self-respecting Indians, as on many occasions it has been the cause of many quarrels and even needless spilling of blood. Even after 150 years of British tutelage we have failed to discover the great necessity of playing it at the end of every cinema show and other social functions ...but then we are still slaves!

Mr. M. S. Karandikar, L.E.E., Managing Partner, The Deccan Theatres.

* * *

I do not have to stress the needless bitterness this tune is causing all over India. Even at Hong Kong where the Chinese seek refuge from the guns of Japan, I have noticed whole audiences walking out *en masse* whilst the National Anthem is being played. By this I do not mean that the British National Anthem is being deliberately insulted, but what I do intend to emphasize here is that of all places, cinemas, sports, meetings and public bars should not be selected to test a guy's loyalty to the Crown.

I personally am of the opinion that a National Anthem regardless to what country it belongs, is something that should be respected. Unfortunately respect happens to be the only commodity that cannot be brought about by a show of might and threat of blows. On the other hand when one is forced and compelled to do a thing against his wishes and desires, it not only loses whatever respect it has but becomes a symbol of hatred.



Miss Rose and Sunalini Devi have a lot of emotional situations to themselves in "Kasauti", a National picture.

Under these circumstances and specially at a time when Britain needs the goodwill of every Indian I feel that the wisest thing that could be done would be the issuing of an order to all places of entertainment forbidding them to play the British National Anthem.

We all have Britain's welfare at heart. We have shown ample proof of it....why then let one old custom come between the new spirit of camaraderie that is being born on the battlefields of Europe?

While on the topic of National Anthem I wonder why the Indian cinema houses have ceased playing the National Anthem after the end of their shows?

Is it possible they have more respect for it and know quite well how it will be received?

CHIT CHAT CLUB OF INDIA

If you are a student of physiology or just a physiognomist you will find plenty of material and many a rare specimen at the Chit Chat Club of India, where the so-called elite of Bombay gather every evening to fleece one another *via* the medium of a pack of playing cards. However, the fleecing of each other is not the main occupation of these people. On some days of the week the main hall is cleared for action and converted into a dance floor where Mr., Mrs., and Miss Society Bug grab each other round the waists and practice the latest Congas, Rhumbas and various other sorts of 'Ahs.

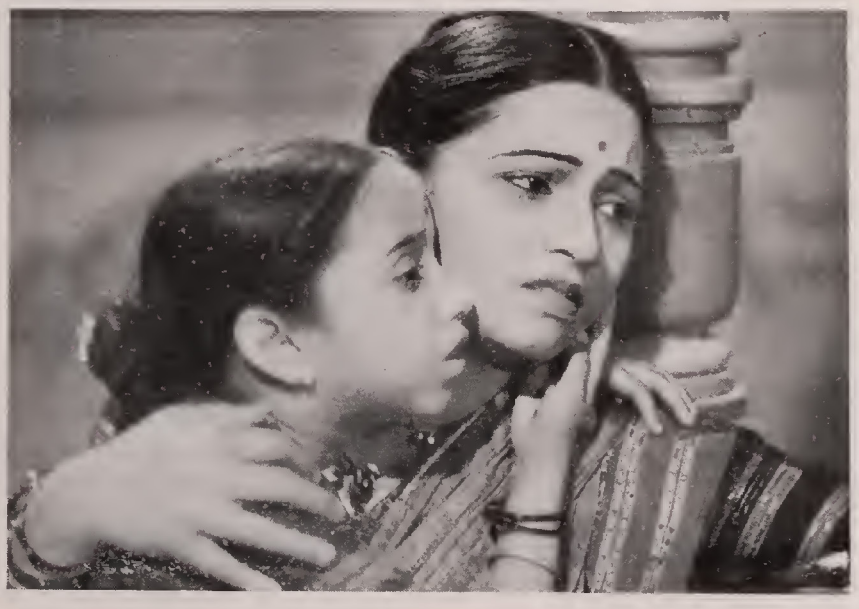
* * *

The Chit Chat Club is, however, not necessarily a play-boy's paradise as many a tired business man also comes here to seek relaxation and many another thing. The other thing, on the other hand is so plentiful that the hunter often becomes the hunted.

The Club in its entirety being so queer and odd I have decided to give my readers every month an insight into its mysteries and present for inspection some of the queerest characters that live in Bombay. In good society, you don't tell names. You call them. So I shall drop the names.

The first of the queer specimens of this Club, queer enough to gladden the heart of the most difficult physiologist is the Female X, always seen prancing about with hand-picked youngsters half her age. Now, don't ask names. She is the wife of a barrister.

Female X is a living denial of Darwin's Theory and Newton's Law of Gravitation. In truth I feel she would make old Darwin turn a couple of somersaults in his grave ....for she gives one the impression and rather forcibly, too, that the human race is a result of a bird and beast combination. The first landmark that strikes you in the face (that is if you are not dancing with her....then something else strikes you with double zest) is a nose that



Hansa in the title role in "Sant Sakhu", a Prabhat picture, gives some fine emotional interludes.

you feel was specially built for hanging a hat on. Coming further down, or should I say climbing up, one gets a bit confused to note the absence of a baby kangaroo. On further exploration, and believe me it is not necessary to have much practice of exploration to notice when she is looking at a person directly in front of you, that she has something about her that would put a baby elephant to shame.

Such in geographic outlines is Madame X. A mountain of all fuss with a surfeit of sex appeal rolling all round and in every possible and impossible direction.

Her hobbies I understand are Naval boys. She likes them half-hungry.

THE WITHERED BLONDE

Another rare specimen from this Club is the Lady in Red. A young, bewitching damsel heading straight for the divorce courts because her husband dislikes her liking for Little Boy White, who is often mistaken for a butler.

What beats me is why someone has not told them yet that the squash courts are not to be taken in their literal sense.

* * *

Then there is a withered blonde, a very unmarriable married lady, who at the moment appears all at sea with the departure over-seas on active service of her beau.....not exactly beautiful.

She is the main puzzle of the Club as people are wondering whose absence she feels most....the loss of tokens for the slot machine or his unseemly presence. The husband, it is rumoured, is now trying to make a come-back through the back-door.

* * *

NEXT ISSUE

The November issue will be out on the 1st of November and agents should inform us of their requirements before the 15th of October.

No, it is not true that VUB has taken the sole monopoly of all the pansies in town. There are still some left in some newspaper offices in Bombay, who do film journalism for stimulation.

* * *

An item in a film weekly reads: *"Kishore Sahu is reported to have staged a dramatic arrival in Bombay and threatens to invade the film colony again."*

Probably that accounts for the equally dramatic departure of a cine-technician for Kashmir.

* * *

Bombay is indeed a strange place. In every other part of the globe one sees journalists plodding from one newspaper office to another selling their manuscripts....but here in this wonderful city of ours one comes across newsweeklies going the round of printing presses begging to be printed.

Doesn't Madhuri look charming in "Sasural" a Ranjit picture?

* * *

Head-line in an evening daily: "Japan Has Missed The Bus."

This bus missing business seems to be going too far. Somehow they always seem to reach their destination sooner.

* * *

The deserts of Arabia are known as the Garden of Allah. In Bombay the Churchgate Reclamation has become the Garden of All Ahs.

* * *

Iran like the Xmas turkey now wishes she wasn't quite so plump.

* * *

The screen is a permanent ally of the Bombay female. Old dames who once thought their butterfly days were gone with the wind have now been given a fresh lease of youth. Carmen Miranda has set many a back-number dame wondering. And by Jove, some of the dames found in the Chit-Chat Club, by the rougeful, have definitely got plenty of sex appeal in the regions where I got my first spanking. Oh Boy And can they swing it.

* * *

Then there is the poor fish who joined the C.C.I. to play cricket and got his l.b.w.

* * *

Why are Goanese butlers like billiard cues requiring tips to work better?

* * *

Overheard at the Taj V Ball:

He: "It's very nice of you to dance with me."

She: "Oh! Don't mention it. It's a charity ball isn't it?"

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All the bound volumes of "filmindia" for 1939-40 have been sold out and intending purchasers are requested not to remit any money for the same.

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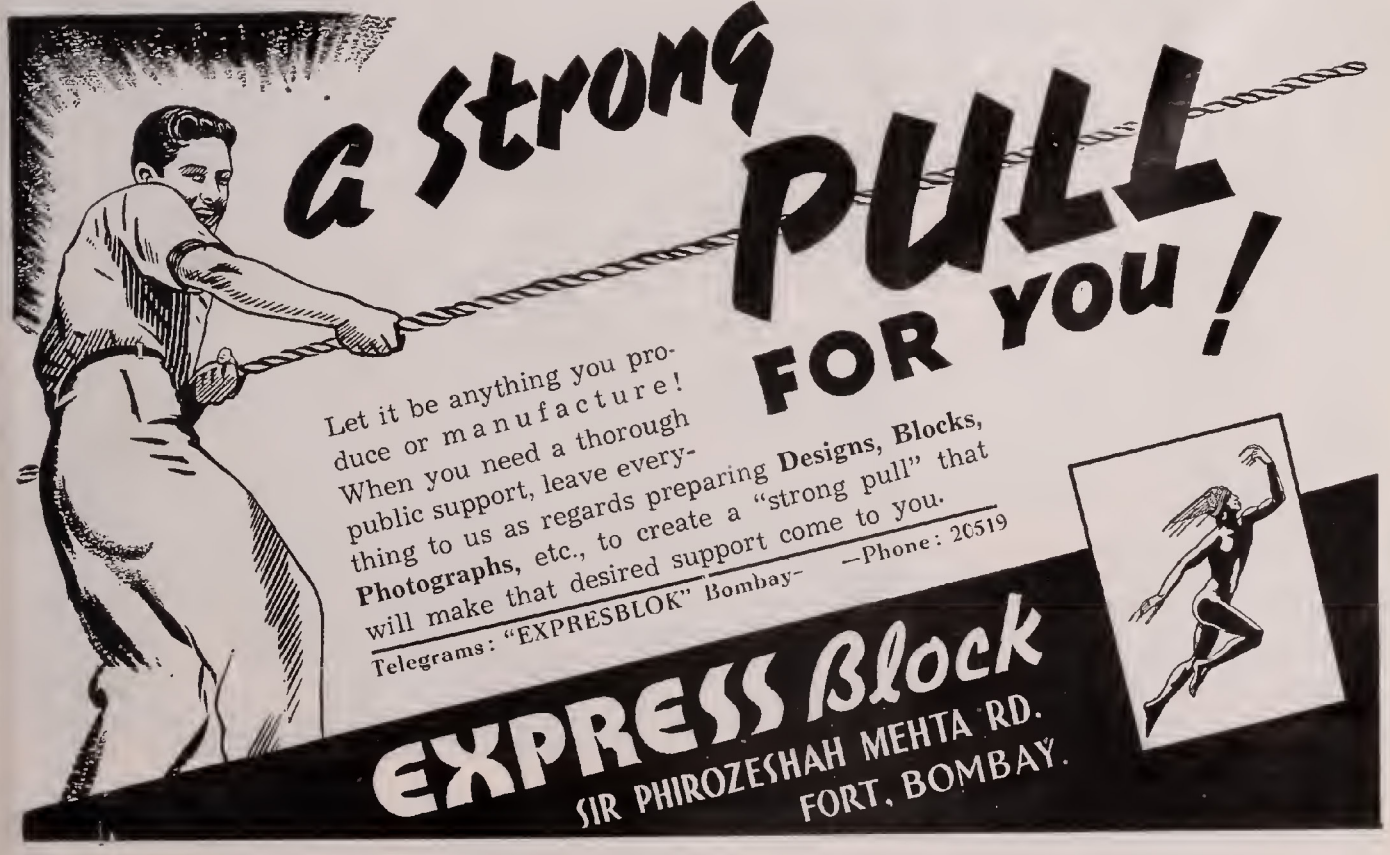
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(Continued from page 51)

dora" by Charlie, "Mehman" by Chaturbhuj Doshi and "Chandani" by Jayant Desai.

NAVYUG CHITRAPAT (Poona)

"Sangam" a social story now under production with Meenaxi in the lead is fast nearing completion under Director Junnarkar and is expected to be on the screen sometime in the month of November or even earlier.

Other pictures in the script stage are "State Guests" and "Pundalik".

WADIA MOVIETONE

"The Court Dancer", India's first picture in English is scheduled to be released at the Metro Cinema in Bombay and Calcutta simultaneously on the 2nd of October. The picture has become a beautiful master-piece of technical skill and pioneering enterprise.

At the studios they are producing "Jungle Queen", the usual Wadia thriller, under the direction of Mr. Homi Wadia while a combined picture of Ranjit and Wadia, "Return of Toofan Mail" is being shot under the direction of Mr. Aspi Irani.

BHARAT PICTURES

Two pictures that await release under the distribution management of this Company are "Darpan" and "Swaminath". They are expected to see the screen sometime in the month of November.

PARAMOUNT FILM CO. (Andheri)

"Akela" had a splendid reception in Bombay and Mazhar Khan became ever more popular than before.

At the studios Producer Kikubhai Desai is busy giving final touches to "Circus Queen" and is shooting "Sheikh Chilli" in the interiors.

CIRCO PRODUCTIONS

"Swami" a social story directed by Mr. A. R. Kardar is due to be released in Bombay on the 18th October at the Majestic Cinema. This picture features Sitara.

At the studios, Director Devki Bose is busy with "Apna Ghar" featuring Shanta Apte and Chandra Mohan, while Directors Altekar and Baburao Painter are busy with "Bhakta Vidur" and the new picture which will go on the sets very soon under the captaincy of A. R. Kardar is called "Nai Duniya".

SUDARSHAN PICTURES

"Sajjan" a social story is now entirely ready and with Jagadish Sethi and Husn Banu in the cast, the producers are confident of the picture being a good paying proposition.

Director Khosla who directed this picture is quite pleased with the effort and is sure of its success.

FAMOUS ARUN FILM CO.

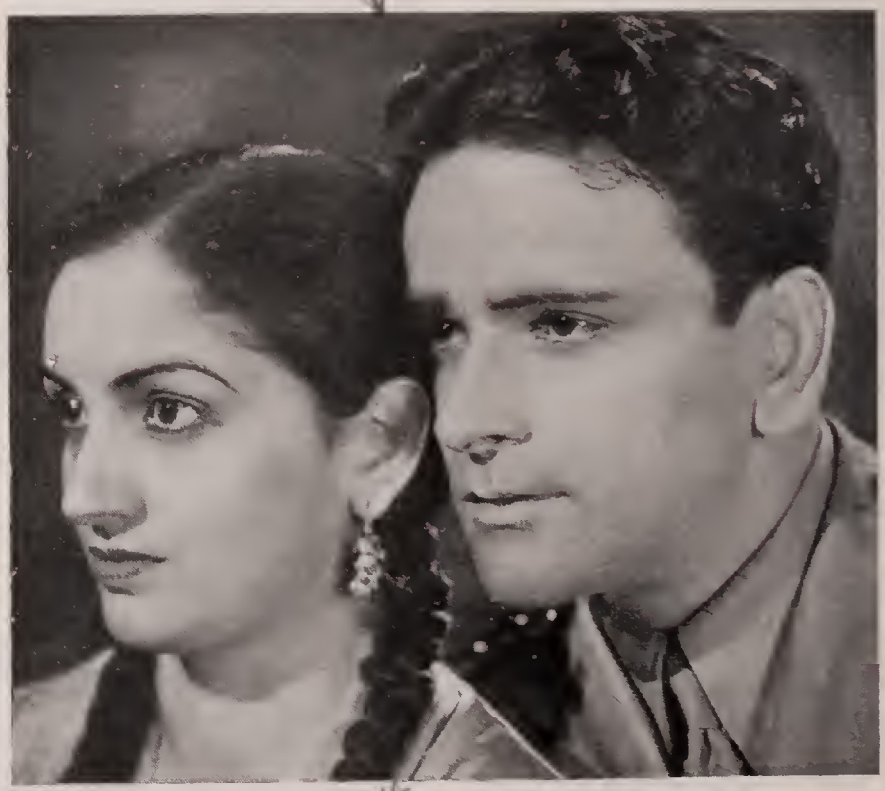
(Poona)

"Thoratanchi Kamla" is now running to good houses in the country, while at the studios in Poona they are shooting "Daughter-In-Law" a social subject with Sumati Gupte in the lead. This picture is expected to be completed by the end of October and will be on the screen sometime in November.

(Continued from page 49)

also from Palestine, East Africa, Ceylon, Burma and other neighbouring countries. Many Provincial Governments depute regularly to the Institute a certain number of their scholars for training. One of the unique features of the Institute has been the intimate contact it has maintained with the radio and cinema industries in India. Towards the end of a session, circulars are sent regularly to all radio dealers, cinema owners, studio executives and others in short, to all who would be in a position to give employment to our students, and offers for jobs so obtained are distributed in order of merit amongst the students of the Institute. In this manner it has been possible to place candidates not only all over India but even outside in Burma, in the Andamans and the Persian Gulf.

The Abdulla Fazalbhoy Institute was started for radio and cinema; together with the other sections added to it the whole has now been grouped under the Technical Department of the College.



Neena and Prithviraj create some sensational situations in "Ek Raat" a Shalimar picture directed by Mr. W. Z. Ahmed.

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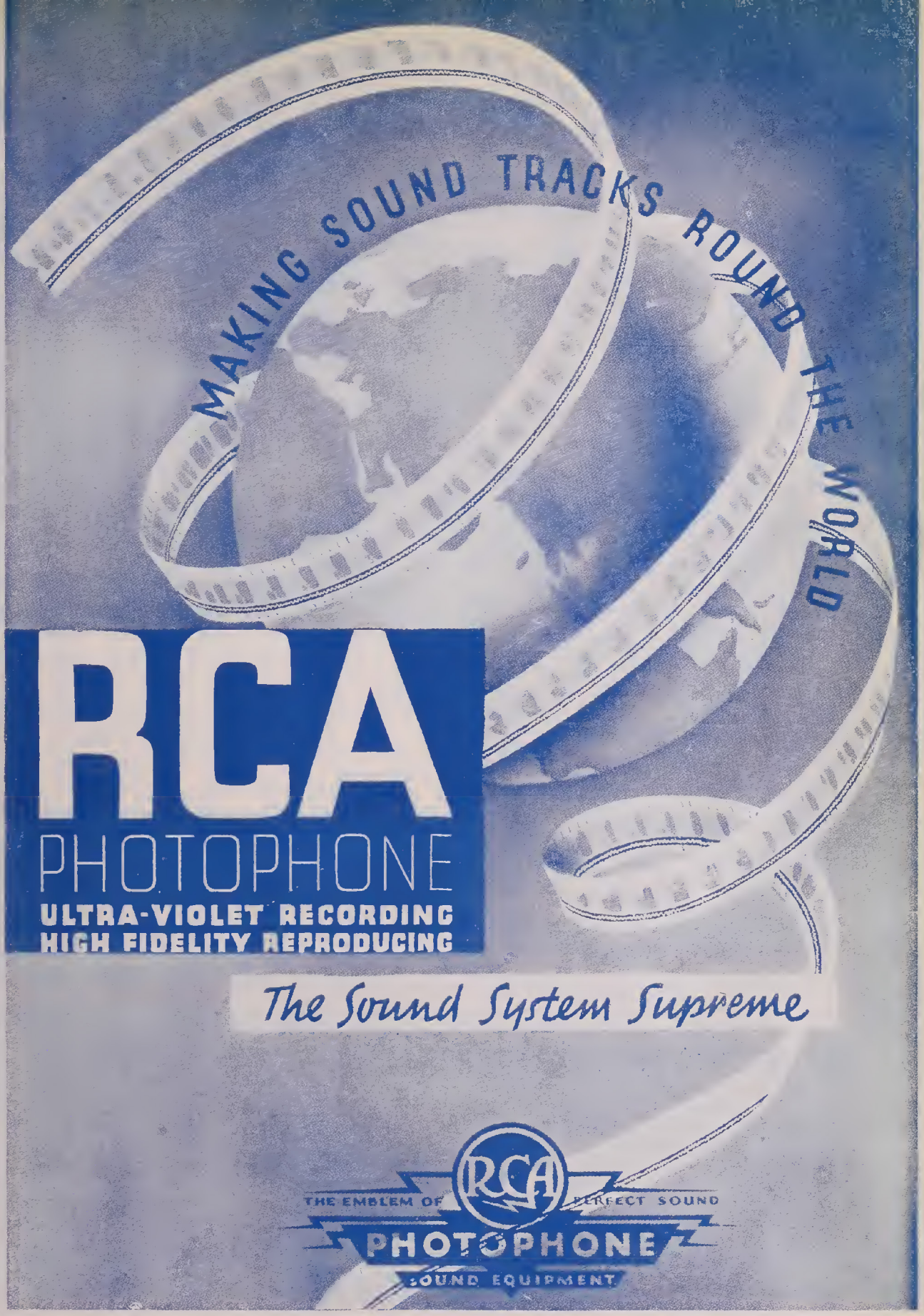

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